

The Nation.

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EDITORIAL

A CASE THAT WILL NOT DIE

The execution of Julius and Ethel Rosenberg was carried out thirty years ago this month, but their case, and the larger cause that grew around it, continues to haunt American politics. This anniversary year will be marked by the publication of at least two relevant books. One is a revision (based on recently declassified material) of Walter and Miriam Schneir's classic 1965 study, *Invitation to an Inquest*; the other is a new work by Ronald Radosh and Joyce Milton, entitled *The Rosenberg File*. This fall will see the release of Sidney Lumet's film *Daniel*, taken from E.L. Doctorow's *The Book of Daniel*, a novel about the Rosenbergs.

There is a disquieting currency to these remembrances of the Rosenbergs, as another generation feels the chill winds of cold war in the air. As Arthur Kinoy asserts in his account of the final legal battle to save the Rosenbergs (see page 725), the trial of two accused spies became the centerpiece of an extensive campaign to destroy the American left. On trial as well was a political movement—more, a mass consciousness—and the prosecution brazenly tampered with the national jury, manipulating it with fear, deceiving it with false witnesses and eventually buying it off with promises of security.

A successor prosecution is developing a similar strategy. It exploits a prevailing mood of anxiety and blames the nation's troubles on foreign agents; on domestic dupes; on terrorism, communism, pacifism. The prosecution will use the Rosenberg case as evidence for its contention that disloyalty can subvert national security. But the argument is flawed because the charges are skewed. No spy undermined American power; no dupe destroyed the dream. No matter what they did or didn't do, the Rosenbergs were scapegoats, and the search for other wretched creatures to play that role continues to this day.

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EXECUTIVE ORDERMANIA

CUTTING BACK ON FREEDOM BY FIAT

JOHN SHATTUCK

Over the last two and a half years, the Reagan Administration has issued executive orders at such a furious pace that the White House has become a de facto legislative branch of the government. Presidents find executive orders convenient instruments of lawmaking, and it is easy to see why. They can be promulgated without much opportunity for public debate, and they do not have to be approved by Congress. More important, they provide an aura of legitimacy for Presidential actions that might otherwise be challenged as illegal. While an executive order can be invalidated by the courts or overridden by Congress, its mere issuance tends to insulate a President from charges that he is engaged in abuses of power.

A random sample of the Reagan executive orders that infringe on individual rights is alarming. By a stroke of the President's pen, the Central Intelligence Agency was granted the authority to conduct surveillance in the United States, and government agencies were authorized to classify more information. The President has also proposed substantially eased affirmative action and other civil rights requirements for contractors doing business with the Federal government, and has narrowed the guidelines protecting welfare recipients and prisoners from being coerced to serve as subjects in medical experiments. Rules have been promulgated requiring birth control clinics that prescribe contraceptives to teen-agers to inform their parents. Guidelines have been proposed banning lobbying by groups receiving Federal grants or contracts. By Presidential fiat, tax exemptions were bestowed on racially dis-

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EXCHANGE.

Solomon-Thompson Letters—II

Portland, Ore.

Because the recent exchange of views between E.P. Thompson and myself appeared back to back in *The Nation*, readers were able to compare the differences in content and tone ["Europe, Russia & the U.S. Missiles" and "Peace is a Third-Way Street," April 16]. A few points, however, are in need of further comment.

Near the end of his essay, Thompson responds not to my position but to a straw figurine of his own invention, designed for a deft knockdown. "Norman Solomon protests too much," he writes. "He is too eager to take upon his white Western English-speaking nuclear terrorist back every one of the world's sins. I will allow him, and the United States, many of those sins; but it is indecently greedy to claim them all." Yet I had written: "Both the White House and the Kremlin are giving orders that result in the repression of human rights and that menace human life." The discrepancy is notable and unfortunate.

Thompson maintains that dissident peace groups in the Soviet Union "symbolize the principle of trust and direct citizens' détente, and hence of internationalism against state power. If that principle is abandoned, the poison of compromise with power will enter all our work." The point is well taken. Such compromises usually occur in the pursuit of *Realpolitik*, rather than in the pursuit of strictly moral gains. That is one of the problems with Thompson's statement that "the twinned international efforts for peace and freedom are more undermined by the jailing of a dissident in Prague or Moscow than by the sack of a Guatemalan village." Thompson acknowledges that this hierarchy is not a moral ranking, but is based on his evaluation of which occurrence is "more sensitively situated within the delicate and complicated politics of peace."

For strategic reasons that overlap moral principles, Thompson is intent that the European peace movement not sell out the victims of repression in Eastern Europe. For reasons both strategic and moral, I say that the U.S. peace movement must not sell out repression's victims in Latin America and other places where misery is enforced with the complicity of our own government.

If Europe is viewed as the "major leagues" for achieving détente and Central America is seen as "the minors," U.S. peace activists are in danger of allowing "the poison of compromise with power" to seep into our own work. In avoiding this danger, we may find that North-South rapprochement in the Western Hemisphere has more than a little to do with alleviating East-West tensions.

Events in Central America and the Middle East are crucial for the prospects of world

peace, including the avoidance of nuclear war. Deepening U.S. military intervention in those regions would inflame an atmosphere of militarism at home and make it difficult for the movement against nuclear weapons to continue its rapid growth. A support-our-troops domestic climate would polarize our society as hot war psychosis merged with the extant cold war paranoia.

These issues are not theoretical. They are being confronted every day in the United States, where the antinuclear movement has a strong tendency to wink at the government's buildup of conventional arms, its military involvements overseas and its steady drift toward conscription. Another problem is that while the Democratic Party's best Presidential candidates trumpet their support for "the freeze," none of them remotely represent the views of an authentic peace movement. For instance, Senator Gary Hart goes out of his way to urge stronger U.S. conventional forces, and Senator Alan Cranston stresses his resolve to give the Israeli government whatever military hardware it desires. Backing both a freeze and a continual arms buildup, the Democratic Party's 1984 Presidential hopefuls remain unwilling to speak against such first-strike missile systems as the cruise, Pershing 2 and Trident. If the American freeze campaign does not develop the character of a full-fledged peace movement, it will be in a position only to make bargains with such candidates.

Since America's nuclear weapons policy is bound up with its overall militarism, we in the peace movement will not be able to separate the two in the long run. Today in the United States there exists a vigorous and expanding movement in opposition to the Administration's policies in Central America. It is in all of our interests to combine the strengths of the antinuclear, anti-interventionist and antidraft movements. That would facilitate unity with domestic constituencies bitterly opposed to the Reagan Administration's Draconian budget cuts. (Cuts in appropriations for human services make room for increased military spending, more than four fifths of which goes for the Pentagon's nonnuclear expenditures.) These are realities—strategic necessities—that a peace movement in the United States must respond to.

As more U.S. citizens learn the truth about the causes of the bloodshed in Central America, they may justifiably take umbrage at an antinuclear position which holds that suffering in that part of the world is removed from events "more sensitively situated within the delicate and complicated politics of peace."

At the same time, U.S. military involvement in Central America and the Middle

East poses the hazard of escalating hostilities between the United States and the Soviet Union. The Pentagon's scenarios for intervention provide initial momentum on a slippery slope to nuclear holocaust—aid to indigenous forces, interjection of U.S. advisers and troops, use of sophisticated conventional weapons, "battlefield" nuclear bombs and, the *coup de grâce*, longer-range nuclear missiles. In the current U.S. political climate, cold war rhetoric supplies rationales for such intervention, which in turn fuels the cold war, which in turn rationalizes further nuclear weapons production and deployment.

Is the American antinuclear movement in danger of being insufficiently critical of the Soviet Union? I doubt it. A far greater danger is that, eager for respectability and fearful of finding itself in the line of fire of our nation's powerful Red-baiting artilleries, it may unwittingly reinforce chronic American-Soviet antipathies. Explicit and implicit condemnations of everything Soviet are as common in the average American home as tap water; one need only open a daily newspaper or turn on a TV or radio. While the peace movement should condemn repression in the Soviet Union, Eastern Europe and Afghanistan, we should not genuflect at the altar of anti-Soviet verbiage as a sanctification of our organizing against nuclear weapons, which are sustained by our communities. We cannot reduce our society's cold war fervor by adding to it.

"Without some understanding of the other fellow's way of life there can be no peace," I.F. Stone wrote in 1950. He described a situation still with us in 1983, in an America intoxicated by anti-Sovietism: "Understanding is necessary. But almost no one takes the effort to create it, because this involves the risk of being smeared as a Red or pink. Someone has got to begin to tell the American people that Communism and socialism are in the world to stay, to help them understand how they arose and what needs they serve." Without such understanding, "they will appear so monstrous that any weapons seem justified against them." *Norman Solomon*

THOMPSON REPLIES

Worcester, England

Insofar as I understand the American political scene (which is not all that far), I am very much in support of Norman Solomon's rejoinder. So much so that I wonder how we got into such an argument in the first place. Maybe the exchange has cleared the air.

I have never doubted for one moment the claim of Central America upon the resources and the internationalist conscience of the U.S. peace movement; that claim has been becoming more urgent week after week since my first article was written.

Early in April, as a guest of *The Nation*, I
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EDITORIALS.

Reagan's Summit

"Missed me," President Reagan quipped as an explosive crash rent the vastness of the basketball court in Williamsburg, Virginia, where he was addressing the closing session of the ninth First World economic summit. Something had dropped on the floor; but Reagan could as well have been referring to the meaning of the meeting, which missed him by a mile.

The conference was meant to deal with the present perils

of the international economic order: stagnating Western capitalism, gyrating currency exchange rates, creeping protectionism and burgeoning Third World debt. At least those are the matters that vex the finance ministers and corporate captains of the free world (a term once more in fashion). But such issues also express the conflicts and contradictions of West-West relations, and are difficult to engage without threatening the peace and profits of the seven partners in the summit.

Reagan preferred instead to dwell on the military matters and political problems of the West-East struggle, where he is perfectly comfortable. Indeed, he seems to invent those

problems, or at least provoke them, as he goes along. He leaps happily over the terms and the terrain: missiles, military modernization, trade sanctions, counterrevolution. His colleagues may grumble softly to themselves, if that is their mood, or scramble for press attention when a public relations opportunity appears. But there was no howl of opposition. The loudest noise heard in Williamsburg was the sound of Ronald Reagan barking up the wrong tree.

The United States' position was that the economic recovery now beginning at home has removed the urgent need for repairs and reforms in the world system. France's President Mitterrand, most vocal of the seven, had asked for action on currency exchange—floating rates, in effect since the Nixon years, have raised the risks of capital investment so high that growth is thin and sluggish. But Reagan is committed to the voodoo of the free market, which admits no fixture of rates or regulation of currencies. Besides, the current strength of the dollar is good for American financiers.

The President was similarly unmoved by the Third World debt crisis. Last year there were twenty-eight instances of debt "rescheduling" (national financial failures), compared with two or three a year during the 1970s. Total Third World debt now exceeds \$600 billion. But Reagan hopes an unregulated global economy will produce profits that will trickle down to the impoverished masses, on the model of domestic Reaganomics.

The danger in all this is that the economic fairy tales the President tells his allies have become a substitute for policies that could mitigate the worst effects of the international crisis. As that deepens, Reagan will increasingly be forced to rely on the only strategy he understands: militarization of the economy. Already his rhetoric is preparing the world for that process. Perhaps the strategy will seem to succeed in the early stages. But to the extent that its progress is inexorable, it will end in war.

The Black Factor

The spectacle of six white Democratic candidates trembling at the prospect of one black man entering the Presidential race says more about the changing politics of America than volumes of civil rights laws or judicial decisions. The Rev. Jesse Jackson's embryonic campaign for the nomination is still unfocused, barely acknowledged and deliberately open-ended. But it has already come to symbolize a new dimension of black electoral power, and it threatens to reshape the Democratic Party as it stumbles toward the end of the century.

Jackson was an invisible man on the national political scene until a month or so ago, when he began campaigning in rural New Hampshire, heartland Iowa and darkest Dixie. His speech before the Alabama Legislature in Montgomery, the first capital of the Confederacy, was a public relations coup. Suddenly the polls began registering his new visibility. The *Los Angeles Times* found him running third among Democratic voters asked about their Presidential preferences, behind Senator John Glenn and former Vice Presi-

dent Mondale; Senators Alan Cranston and Gary Hart were nowhere to be seen. A survey of black Democratic voters showed that when Jackson was included, Mondale's candidacy virtually collapsed, plummeting from 48 percent to 21 percent. On the other hand, Glenn picked up 8 percent in a three-man contest.

At this early date in the political season the polls can change from day to day. But the vectors in Jackson's campaign are all pointing up, and his momentum—the "Big M," in George Bush's memorable phrase—is growing. The tank thinkers and the columnists have started weighing in with their analyses. Tom Wicker wrote recently in *The New York Times* that blacks in the South and Northeast could swing the election and, at the very least, that a black primary candidate might deny the party a victory in the general election by preventing the nomination of a strong white liberal or by creating debilitating divisions in the Democratic constituency.

Jackson himself maintains that, for now, his chief interest is black voter registration, especially in the South, where only half the eligible blacks are on the rolls. A modest increase in that percentage could rid Congress and many statehouses of the most illiberal officials, and in the bargain send a sizable black delegation to the Democratic convention in the summer of 1984. But Jackson must also have his eye on the prize—the Presidential primaries and state caucuses, which begin in seven short months. The new black vote will be wooed by all the Democrats, but the black begetter of the bloc will have the first and loudest claim.

What is most interesting about the Jackson phenomenon is its disruptive effect on the usual business of the Democratic Party. Liberals have come to rely on blacks and other minorities as a safe and stable base for their campaigns. Those marginal groups are traditionally ignored—or, at best, patronized—if the campaigns are successful. Jackson has begun to conceive of a different role for the millions of Americans floating around the edges of the mainstream—not only blacks but the poor of all races, the unemployed, women, Hispanics. "He's talking about a coalition of people on the outside," Bruce Bolling, the only black on the Boston City Council, told *The Hartford Courant* recently. "In some quarters, people might be anxious about that kind of direction."

Indeed, Jackson will face increased opposition from many white liberals, who see his campaign as a threat to their designs on the "outside" vote. He will also have to contend with black rivals who think they would be more effective candidates. Jackson is not well loved, even in the world of black politics and community organizing from which he sprang. Since his rise to prominence in the civil rights movement of the 1960s, not only his strategies but his judgment, and even his integrity, have been questioned. He has a lot of convincing to do before he can win the wider support his campaign needs.

If there is any historical example of the impact a serious black candidacy could have, it is Eugene McCarthy's anti-war drive of 1968. If McCarthy contributed to the fractionization of the Democratic Party, which led to its defeat that year, he (or, more accurately, his supporters) also helped fashion a "new politics" constituency, which took control

of the party's apparatus in the ensuing years and opened it to groups on the outside. McCarthy's aim was to end the war in Vietnam. That did not happen the way he envisioned it, but the Democratic Party was remodeled in such a manner as to make support for that war—and future wars—more difficult. Winning an election is not always the most important goal of politics.

Jackson's campaign has many springs, but its most immediate antecedents are the victories of black and white liberals in Chicago, Philadelphia and New York State on the tide of black voting strength. The black movement—quiescent, if not dormant, in the last decade—is stirring once again, and the form it will take cannot be predicted. Jackson seems to be suggesting that it will have a strong class character, and that it can reshape Democratic priorities. "What have we got to lose?" Representative John Conyers said not long ago in a newspaper interview. "How much lower can we go?" Voters who feel as he does can threaten the party system and forge a very new kind of new politics.

Happy 60th, Henry

It was Harvard's Guido G. Goldman who asked (and received) permission to give the party celebrating Dr. Kissinger's forthcoming 60th birthday, rocketing himself to instant if uncertain stardom simply by having his name at the top of the more than 300 Cartier invitations.

Former heads of state, Cabinet officers, big-name Europeans, the Georgetown elite, Harvard professors, politicians, tycoons and hot shots of one sort or another have accepted, though some of them aren't exactly sure who Dr. Goldman is. And although the party isn't until Thursday (the day before Dr. Kissinger's actual birthday), it has already taken on the dimensions of an extravaganza, a veritable state dinner.

—Charlotte Curtis, The New York Times, May 24

It's too bad Henry Kissinger awarded the coveted permission to give him a birthday party to Guido G. Goldman; we had so hoped the honor would be ours. But our carefully planned celebration lost out. Mind you, we're not bitter about not winning the contract for what was known in the Manhattan *beau monde* as "Catering Henry's Love Feast." The bidding was competitive, and although Dr. Goldman is an old friend of Henry's, no one who knows the former Secretary of State and his lovely Nancy could think they were swayed by sentimental considerations. All aspirants for the Kissinger birthday job knew the criteria by which they would be judged: lavishness of spending, clout of guests, social status of caterer, quality of food and entertainment and overall conspicuousness of consumption. Dr. Goldman simply made the highest bid. We lost fair and square—as did all the other hopefuls (among whom, *on dit*, were the Oscar de la Rentas, several du Pont scions, assorted Mellons, a brace of Vanderbilts and innumerable Rockefellers; not to mention Andy Warhol, Empress Farah and the Wayne Newtons). Here is our formal bid:

TO: Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kissinger

CONTRACT: International Tribute to Henry Kissinger

SPECIFICATIONS: Party, Birthday (60th) for Statesman, World Class (High Immortality Potential)

CONTRACTOR'S SECURITY CLEARANCE: None

REFERENCES: The Hon. Morton Halperin, Benjamin Spock M.D., Mrs. Salvador Allende

The concept of the party is "This Is Your Life, Henry Kissinger," and it will provide a panorama of the honored guest's career. The site of the festivities will be an abandoned East Side subway tunnel in New York City, which will be decorated in accordance with the theme "Christmas in Hanoi, 1972." The tunnel was selected because of its resemblance to an air raid shelter. Guests will enter through a manhole, much as North Vietnamese civilians entered their shelters during the late war. (We have formally asked New York Mayor Edward Koch to rename his city Nguyen Van Thieu City in honor of the occasion.) A specially made Persian carpet, donated by the Pahlevi family, will serve as ground covering in the tunnel. The carpet, in which are embroidered hundreds of figures of 2,000-pound bombs, represents the carpet bombing during the Vietnam conflict. Cluster-bomb chandeliers will provide light all the way to the end of the tunnel.

The caterers, Lo Mein Express and Peacock Throne Importers, will serve authentic, if anachronistic, Chinese-Vietnamese dishes and caviar. Gracing the center of the buffet table will be a large ice sculpture of the Kissinger coat of arms: Nobel Peace Prize medal in bold relief, Air Force One shuttle plane gules and Christmas tree decorated with bombs sinister—symbolizing Dr. Kissinger's tireless quests for peace in the Middle East and Vietnam. Crowning the sculpture will be statuettes of Richard Nixon and Dr. Kissinger kneeling in prayer in the Oval Office, with a smiling Alexander Haig looking on.

The highlight of the evening will be the entertainment, co-hosted by Sammy Davis Jr. and Frank Sinatra. Musical selections will consist of an original cantata, "When the Lights Go On Again in Saigon," sung by the Oberammergau *Mannchor*; a Broadway medley by the co-hosts, including "I Did It for Power," "Ya Gotta Have Heartlessness," "Mr. Devious," "Send in the B-52s" and "I Believed in Me"; and a "tap" dance by Morton Halperin, William Safire and other former White House employees, to an electronic composition performed by the A.T.&T. Wire Men. Following the entertainment, a large cake shaped like South Vietnam will be wheeled in, and as the guests sing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," ten scantily clad ex-Saigon bar girls will jump out and smother the guest of honor with kisses. Everyone will then dance the night away to the New Wave lieder of the Klaus Strangelove Oompah Band.

We have high hopes of attracting major funding, and no expense will be spared to make this the "party of the decade." Corporate patrons will have their names inscribed on the tunnel's walls by a local graffiti artist. Additional financial support is expected from the proceeds of an auction of Dr. Kissinger's "private" papers, assuming litigation challenging his donation of them to the Library of Congress is successful. The West German magazine *Stern* has already bid \$3 million, sight unseen.

MINORITY REPORT.

CHRISTOPHER HITCHENS

Seymour Hersh's *The Price of Power* has many merits. One of them may be the explanation for the Watergate break-in. During the 1968 election, it can now be stated quite baldly, Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew had the direct financial support of a foreign dictatorship. Moreover, the foreign dictatorship was itself financed by the C.I.A., whose covert money was laundered back to the United States through clones and subordinates. Thus, American taxpayers actually subsidized the subversion of their own democracy. It was anxiety about the probable disclosure of this outrageous relationship that led Nixon to authorize the burglary at the offices of the Democratic National Committee, thereby giving that democracy a rather belated opportunity for vindication.

In case any or all of the above seems improbable or speculative, let me tell the same story in a different way. The foreign dictatorship was Greece, which was then run by a gang of ultraconservative sadists. Its intelligence service, the K.Y.P., received direct economic support from the C.I.A. The K.Y.P. also donated millions of dollars to secure the election of Nixon and Agnew, passing the money through the reactionary businessman Tom Pappas. All this was sworn by Nixon's Ambassador to Greece, the late Henry Tasca, in off-the-record testimony before the House Intelligence Committee in 1976, and confirmed by Hersh in March of this year. But it was *suspected* a good deal earlier. Five days before the 1968 election, Lawrence O'Brien, chairman of the Democratic National Committee, called for an explanation of the financial relationship between Nixon, Agnew, Pappas and the K.Y.P. His call received little public attention and elicited no reply. It was made, according to Hersh, at the urging of my friend Elias Demetracopoulos [see "Minority Report," April 16], a Greek exile who had good evidence but, at the time, no conclusive proof.

Nixon and Agnew, however, could not afford to assume that their activities would go undetected. By late 1971 they were faced with a rich series of embarrassments. Benjamin Rosenthal, chairman of the House Subcommittee on Europe, had asked Demetracopoulos to submit a memo on the intimate relationship of Tom Pappas to Nixon, Agnew, Maurice Stans and others. The last two lines of the memo, as printed in the Congressional Record, read, "Finally, I have submitted separately to the subcommittee items of documentary evidence which I believe will be useful." This memo, reported the conservative duo Roland Evans and Robert Novak on September 19, 1971, was "causing extreme nervousness in the Nixon White House." It certainly was. It caused John Mitchell (the first Attorney General to be appointed to the 40 Committee) to threaten Demetracopoulos with deportation, which would have meant returning him to the K.Y.P. We now know, thanks to the Oval Office tapes, that the President was terrified that the details of his Pappas connection would be exposed. Pappas was by then vice president of the finance committee of CREEP. As Bob Woodward and Scott Armstrong reported in *The Washington Post*, on April 26, 1973, Nixon, remembering a discus-

sion with Pappas, interrupted Haldeman to say:

"I think it's a matter of fact though that somebody said be sure to talk to Pappas because he's being very helpful on the, uh Watergate thing."

Woodward and Armstrong also say in their story, which appeared May 1, 1977:

elsewhere Nixon recalled that when Pappas came to the Oval Office one day he said he was helping on Mitchell's "special projects" . . . Haldeman also quoted John Dean, White House Counsel, reconstructing a conversation with John Mitchell about payoff money for the Watergate burglars. "Dean says, 'Did you talk to the Greek?' Mitchell said, 'Yes, I have.' Dean says, 'Is the Greek bearing gifts?' Mitchell said, 'Well, I'm gonna call you tomorrow on that.'"

Even after Nixon's collapse and ignominy, his friends continued to shield his Greek connection from public view. He had stolen the 1972 election, to be sure, and Gerald Ford's pardon was backdated to January 20, 1969. But what if it was revealed that he had stolen the 1968 election as well? And what if the C.I.A. had been aware of the way its funds were used in American politics? As Hersh puts it:

This question was not looked into by the Senate intelligence committee during its CIA inquiries in 1975 and 1976. Sources close to the committee have said that its investigation was abruptly canceled at Kissinger's direct request. He urged the committee to drop the investigation, one official said, on the ground that relations between the United States and Greece could be "severely harmed."

Kissinger's interpretations of national interest usually have, as Hersh demonstrates, a strong self-serving ingredient. Now that we know what Ambassador Tasca testified in secret in 1976, it makes sense to posit the following.

Nixon and Agnew knew they had run a terrible risk in accepting junta money in 1968. By 1972, all their attempts to bury the issue and to silence Elias Demetracopoulos had failed, and they were faced with calls to probe "the Greek connection" from Representative Rosenthal and Senator Claiborne Pell. Both men were in a position to get hearings started, and both were good Democrats who were close to Lawrence O'Brien. O'Brien, in his turn, had had an inkling of the truth as far back as 1968, when he first met with Demetracopoulos and other Greek exiles. The meetings all took place in the Watergate offices of the Democratic National Committee. It being essential for the Administration to discover how much the Democrats knew, burgling O'Brien would seem a logical way to find out. I don't claim to have solved the whole mystery with this chain of causality, but at least it fits all the known facts.

Seymour Hersh's book should be read for more than its revelations about Watergate. Its chief relevance is to show that covert action not only undermines the sovereignty of smaller nations but, as I have suggested, inevitably rebounds to debauch American democracy as well. *The Price of Power* refines one's hatred of Nixon and Kissinger to a pitch so pure that it practically sings.

ARTICLES.

■ THE LEFT'S FAILURE OF NERVE

Reflections on The Rosenbergs

ARTHUR KINOY

On a Thursday evening in June 1953, Mike Perlin, Frank Donner and I were working late in our law firm's small New York City offices when the telephone rang. It was Emanuel Bloch, chief counsel for Julius and Ethel Rosenberg, on the line from Washington. I had never heard anyone quite so distraught. Manny stuttered, then blurted out, "They may vacate Douglas's stay. The execution may go ahead tomorrow night!"

As he talked, what had happened became clear. The day before, after the Rosenbergs' formal appeals had been exhausted and their executions set (for Thursday night), Supreme Court Justice William Douglas, in an act of judicial heroism, granted them a stay of execution so that new issues their lawyers had raised could be argued in the lower courts. All of us had breathed a sigh of relief when Douglas signed the stay, because two days before that the Court had adjourned for vacation and so couldn't hear an appeal on the new issues until the next term began in October. The Rosenbergs were safe through the summer.

Since the trial two years before, huge movements of support had developed for the Rosenbergs. People had demonstrated in every major capital demanding a halt to their executions. Even Pope Pius XII had pleaded for the couple's lives. The relief granted by Douglas seemed to be the answer to the demonstrators' demands. Now their lives were threatened again: Chief Justice Fred Vinson had called all the Justices back to Washington to consider overruling Douglas's order. I was stunned. I could not remember such a thing happening in the history of the Court.

Manny went on, in the words I shall never forget: "The Court sits again at noon tomorrow. Looks like they're definitely going to vacate Douglas's stay. Figure something out. Get back to the Court of Appeals. Do something."

I hung up the phone and repeated everything to Donner and Perlin. The enormity of the development gradually dawned on us. Bloch was turning to us, young lawyers in a firm that had been in business for only three years, with a cry for help in one of the most critical situations we could

dream of facing—partly because in the rough years of the trial, so few older, more experienced lawyers had shown any willingness to become closely involved in the Rosenbergs' defense.

Manny Bloch's call that evening dramatized one of the most difficult problems of the Rosenberg case: the scarcity of lawyers for the defense. This was probably the most bitterly prosecuted political trial that the country had experienced in many years, and there was far more riding on the outcome than the lives and liberty of the defendants. Today, more than a quarter of a century later, historians of the period are starting to understand that the trial was the cornerstone of a plan, of which Senator Joe McCarthy was one of the prime architects, to generate a national mood of hysteria that would allow the suppression of all political opposition to the unfolding strategy of the cold war. The blueprint called for developing a Red scare around the specter of "atom spies" stealing the country's most precious secrets and jeopardizing our national security. These atom spies would then be clearly identified as radicals, as members of the Communist Party, driving into the minds of the public the political identification that the establishment wanted to make. A classic technique of reactionaries is to caricature their opponents, branding them with an image the reactionaries themselves have fashioned. That technique was used to exploit the Rosenberg case. Radicals who opposed the cold war were spies or Russian agents, according to the Red-baiters. They were selling out their country to a foreign power and should be treated as traitors. America's survival demanded extreme measures. The radicals should be driven out of the factories, the schools, the professions—even killed if necessary. Sadly, understanding this technique is much easier with the hindsight of history.

In 1951, when the crucial trial started, Manny Bloch and Gloria Agrin, a dedicated and courageous lawyer working with him on the case, and the handful of lawyers who came forward to defend the Rosenbergs and Morton Sobell (the third defendant in the case, who was sentenced to thirty years in prison) stood practically alone. Lawyers of the older generation of progressives were hesitant to participate in the defense. They were afraid that by doing so they might unwittingly injure the movements they had represented all their lives. It was not that they were intimidated by the difficulties of the case; many had fought harder fights and won. And it was certainly not that they believed the government's charges against the defendants. They feared that by a kind of algebraic magic, an equal sign would be created in the public mind between their progressive, left and radical activities and the so-called atomic espionage involved in this case.

What was not evident at the time was that this fear did not originate with progressive lawyers. It lay deep in the reactions of most of the American left. Few of the leaders of people's organizations who had been active during the New Deal and World War II participated in organizing a mass defense for the Rosenbergs and Sobell at the time of the in-

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dictments and trial. It was almost as if these leaders—many of whom believed or suspected that the government had violated the rights of the defendants, or even framed them—had made a conscious decision that participation in the defense, in either the legal or the public arena, would jeopardize their organizations. This was at the height of the cold war, when the left was under attack in every area of life and was falling back in disorganized retreat. Many on the left believed that if it became identified in the public mind with atom spies, it was finished.

What was most tragic about the left's reaction to the trial was that it stemmed from a failure to understand that the very purpose of the government's case was to destroy the effectiveness of opposition to its cold war policies. But by not rallying a mass movement of support for the Rosenbergs and Sobell, the left, in the mind of the public, virtually accepted the prosecution's charges. It lost a chance to fight back, to begin undermining the government's plan to instill in the minds of Americans the idea that being a dissident, a radical or a Communist was the same as being a traitor and a spy.

So the left held back and the progressive bar held back, except for a few lawyers, whose assistance could not meet the needs of the embattled defense team. In a case of such intensity, lawyers need more than research and technical help. They need emotional support. They need companionship, comradeship, a feeling that other people and other lawyers are behind them and identify with them in their struggle.

Manny Bloch and Gloria Agrin did not have that support. And so, Bloch's desperate telephone call that Thursday night did not surprise us, but still it was a shock. We stayed up all night, talking, pulling out law books and poring over the appeals briefs. By 3 A.M. we had come up with a way to "do something." After the full Court vacated Douglas's stay the next morning, as we assumed it would, we would ask for another stay, using a variation on the argument that had captured Douglas's attention. The act under which the Rosenbergs had been sentenced called for the death penalty only in wartime. But there was no declared war when they allegedly committed their acts of espionage. Thus the application of the death penalty in this case, it could be argued, was unconstitutional and without statutory authority.

By 5 A.M. we had jammed out Federal *habeas corpus* papers setting forth that theory. Then we started formulating a plan of action to obtain a stay of execution. To do this, we had to go back to the trial judge, Irving Kaufman, and start all over again. There was no chance Kaufman would grant a stay, particularly if the Supreme Court vacated Douglas's order, for Kaufman's reputation depended on a full vindication of the propriety of the death sentence he had imposed. All we needed to get from him that morning was the one word "denied" on our petition. We could then present an emergency appeal to the Court of Appeals for the Second Circuit.

We worked out the logistics of our plan carefully. Robert Lewis, a young lawyer and a close friend from my student-movement days, and Frank Scheiner, an older labor lawyer, would take the papers to Kaufman's chambers in Foley

Square the first thing in the morning. Without bothering to argue for a stay, they would attempt to convince him to put the critical word "denied" on the papers. Meanwhile, Perlin and I would drive to the office of Thomas Swan, Chief Judge of the Court of Appeals, in New Haven. Samuel Gruber, Connecticut attorney for the United Electrical Workers Union, would meet us there. We would wait until we had heard from Bob Lewis on what had happened in Kaufman's chambers. We would then attempt to persuade Judge Swan to allow us to present the argument that there was sufficient legal merit in our case to postpone the executions until we could present our petition to a full panel of the Court of Appeals.

The plan was riddled with long shots. If Judge Kaufman did not immediately deny the application, we were through. If Judge Swan was tied up or not in his office, we were also through. But Manny Bloch had said, "Do something," and we had to try.

Bob Lewis and Frank Scheiner left early in the morning for Kaufman's chambers, while Mike Perlin and I drove to New Haven. We waited in a corridor of the Federal courthouse until about 12:30, time enough for Lewis to have seen Kaufman. Sure enough, we heard his excited voice at the other end of the telephone. He practically shouted, "I got it. I got it." That precious word "denied" had been written on the petition.

Now it was up to us. With considerable trepidation, Perlin, Gruber and I walked down the corridor to the office of the highly respected, conservative Judge Swan. We won the first battle—getting past the bailiff in the outer office and Swan's secretary—by insisting that we had a critically important paper to present to the Chief Judge. While we waited for him, Perlin put in a call to Washington. The news was as we had expected: at noon the full Supreme Court had vacated Douglas's stay, and the execution was set for 8 o'clock that evening.

After waiting for what seemed like an hour, we were shown into Judge Swan's office. We quickly told him why we were there, and to our astonishment, he did not throw us out. "All right, tell me what your theory is," he said. "Why should I grant a stay of these executions?" With a faint smile he added, "You've got a mighty heavy burden to carry. After all, the full Supreme Court has vacated Douglas's stay."

So Perlin, Gruber and I laid out our theory, developing every point. As we were talking, Judge Swan interrupted and called in his clerk. He asked him to bring the volumes containing the cases we had cited. After leafing through them, he looked up at us and said, "You've got a point there. It makes some sense. I'll tell you what I'll do. I can't grant a stay by myself after the High Court has vacated Douglas's stay. But what I can do is convene a panel of this court this afternoon, two judges of the court and myself, to hear your application, and I'll vote for the stay. I'll convene a panel if you can get one other member of our court to agree to sit on the panel and consider granting the stay."

This was beyond our wildest hopes. We blurted out,

"Judge Swan, what other members of the court are around? Who is in New Haven?" He thought for a moment and said, "Judge Frank is here, at his home."

For a moment we just sat there, stunned. He was sending us to Jerome Frank, the leading liberal on the court; Jerome Frank, the intellectual leader of the New Deal and the architect of its most progressive legislation; Jerome Frank, the idol of progressive law students. When he taught law at Yale, he led the fight against the conservatism of the Old Guard faculty by championing the cause of clinical education. We were going to see Jerome Frank!

Judge Swan looked at his watch. It was about 2 o'clock. He said, "You don't have very much time." He called for his car to be brought around to take us to Frank's home immediately. Everything seemed to be going our way. For the first time since Manny Bloch's phone call, the possibility of stopping the executions became real.

We rushed downstairs and got in the waiting limousine. In the back seat of the huge car, with a chauffeur driving us through the streets of New Haven, I could not help thinking, "What an odd way for radical lawyers to argue a case in the Court of Appeals."

Judge Frank himself opened the door. He welcomed us and escorted us into the living room. As we sat down and nervously opened our briefcases, he smiled as if to put us at our ease. He told us that Judge Swan had called to say that an open telephone line had been established between the clerk's office in New Haven and Sing Sing, the New York State prison where the Rosenbergs were to be executed. We looked at our watches. It was about 2:30. We had less than six hours. "All right," Judge Frank said. "Present your case."

We made the argument of our lives. Whenever we cut a point short in an attempt to save time, Judge Frank interjected, "No, develop that point. Lay it all out." When we had finished he said, "Fine. Develop the next point." And we did.

At last we were done. We had talked for more than an hour. We looked at him, and he looked back without speak-

ing. Then he said something I shall never forget. The words were uttered softly and slowly: "If I were as young as you are, I would be sitting where you are now and saying and arguing what you are arguing. You are right to do so. But when you are as old as I am, you will understand why I"—he paused and repeated—"why I cannot do what you ask. I cannot do it."

We sat there, unable to speak. This was Jerome Frank the liberal, Jerome Frank the progressive. A voice deep inside me cried out the agonizing words: "He knows we're right, and he cannot, he will not, stand up against the powerful forces in the country who are demanding the blood of the Rosenbergs. Why?"

We left after saying a formal goodbye. We had only a few hours in which to persuade another judge to sit on the panel. Everything in Frank's words, tone and manner made it abundantly clear that he could not be moved from his position. He said nothing and did not look at us as we left the room. He just stood there in the doorway, motionless, his back turned to us.

We had the chauffeur take us to the courthouse to pick up our car, and then we drove frantically to the home of Judge Charles Clark, whose address Judge Swan's clerk had given us. No one was there. We rushed to a pay phone and called Clark's office. "He's at the golf course," Perlin shouted from the phone booth. "I'm trying him there." After an intense conversation, Perlin told us that someone would get a message to Clark on the course, asking him to call us back. It was almost fifteen minutes before the phone rang. Perlin grabbed it. He talked awhile, then hung up and walked slowly back to the car. We could tell from his expression what had happened. Clark had said that he had not been involved in the case, and that he did not want to get involved. He had talked to other members of the circuit, an emergency panel would not be convened. That was that.

We got into our car and drove back to New York. Over the radio we heard the bulletin: "At 8 o'clock this evening Julius and Ethel Rosenberg will be electrocuted." The emotions welled up inside us. Jerome Frank could have stopped



DRAWINGS BY J-C SUARÈS

the executions. He knew we were right. He was not able to look us straight in the eye and say we were wrong. Swan said we were right, but Frank could not. It seemed to me he had decided it would jeopardize his role as a liberal, as a progressive—even, I thought, as a progressive Jew in an increasingly conservative society—if he followed his conscience. When it came to the crunch, Jerome Frank, the liberal of liberals, would not do what Swan, the conservative, was prepared to do.

We were shaken to our roots. I suppose we should have known better; we should have understood the forces at work. But it was a shattering blow. That evening, June 19, we heard the news that the Rosenbergs had been electrocuted. Mike Perlin and I looked at each other. The same thought was in our minds, and the same words were on our lips: "What's the point of it all? Let's chuck it. What's the point of being a lawyer? It's a farce." Yet we knew that to abandon the fight would be to give in to the same pressures that had overwhelmed Jerome Frank. The words that Sam Gruber had spoken when leaving us that evening came reassuringly to mind. Sam had said to us, with that beautiful directness which over the years typified his role as both teacher and emotional support to younger lawyers, "No matter what, we'll keep fighting."

How many times have I thought back to that moment in Jerome Frank's living room? How many times, in the depths of the cold war, did I ask myself, "Is it true? Will we all be like that when we're his age? Is it inevitable that there will be a betrayal—that concepts of morality, of justice, of honesty, are at a certain point meaningless?"

Jerome Frank might have changed the course of American history that afternoon. He could not do it. He was a prisoner of the system he served. As a liberal, as a progressive, he had risen to a position of leadership in society. If he acted courageously, as Judge Swan was prepared to, he would have jeopardized the usefulness of those labels, and thus his position. The labels themselves, and Frank's "liberal" past, imprisoned him—kept him from the course he would have taken if he were "as young as" we were. When we were "as old as" he was, he told us, we would understand that to preserve our positions in society we must compromise with those in control.

In the ensuing months, I remembered the words he had spoken as he held in his hands the opinions of the Court

vacating Douglas's stay. (Years later, we learned that the F.B.I. had arranged to have them flown to New Haven when it found out, through its omnipresent surveillance, about our plan to see Judge Swan.) Frank had said, in what we thought at the time was an attempt at humor, "How can I overrule my bosses?" In actuality, he was deadly serious. He was afraid—afraid of endangering his own already vulnerable position, and perhaps that of all liberals and progressives and even Jews, a thought which I, a young Jewish person, was reluctant to face. Was he afraid that if the lives of the Rosenbergs were saved by a Jewish judge, the fires of latent anti-Semitism would be fueled throughout the country? Did he think it was not prudent for a "liberal Jew" to be the one to save the two "Jewish atom spies"? Was his unwillingness to help a reflection of his commitment to his position in the system? At the moment of crisis, had his convictions about justice, his ideas of right and wrong, become submerged? Had survival within the system become paramount? Was this what we would understand only when we were "as old as" he?

Shortly after the executions, Mike Perlin, Frank Donner and I became the lawyers for Morton Sobell. When Helen, his wife, asked us if we would take what seemed to be a hopeless case, there was no question in our minds. After that Friday in New Haven, it was a necessity. But it was a very long time before we could talk about that afternoon.

I ask myself, "To what extent was the outcome our fault? What could we have done that we did not do to move Frank?" Even though we know there was little more anyone could have done, our failure still cuts deep. The experience taught us one of the agonies of being people's lawyers: of necessity, you become so identified with the struggles you are involved in that you find yourself assuming responsibility for events that are objectively beyond your control. Living with our failure to prevent the Rosenbergs' executions was painful. However, Mike Perlin and I came out of the experience with the hope that we would never become as old as Jerome Frank was that afternoon.

The real failure in the Rosenberg case was not the futility of our last-minute attempt to hold off their executions. The failure of the people's movements—of the militant trade unionists, the liberals, the socialists, the Communists—of all of us, to respond to the indictments and arrests with a massive political and legal counteroffensive, or with any show of a mass opposition to the government's strategy, is a matter that has rarely been faced. Yet it goes to the heart of the issue: the survival of democratic movements during periods of attack by the establishment. The government's assault on the Rosenbergs went far beyond the Rosenbergs; it used the charges to mount an onslaught against the entire left. When people's movements fail to rally to the defense of individuals or organizations charged with frightful crimes out of fear of being identified with the victims, when they hesitate to fight back by exposing the conspiracy of the power structure, they implicitly accept the enemy's position and have little or no hope of victory. In the years that followed, each time the government and the corporations attacked the people's movements

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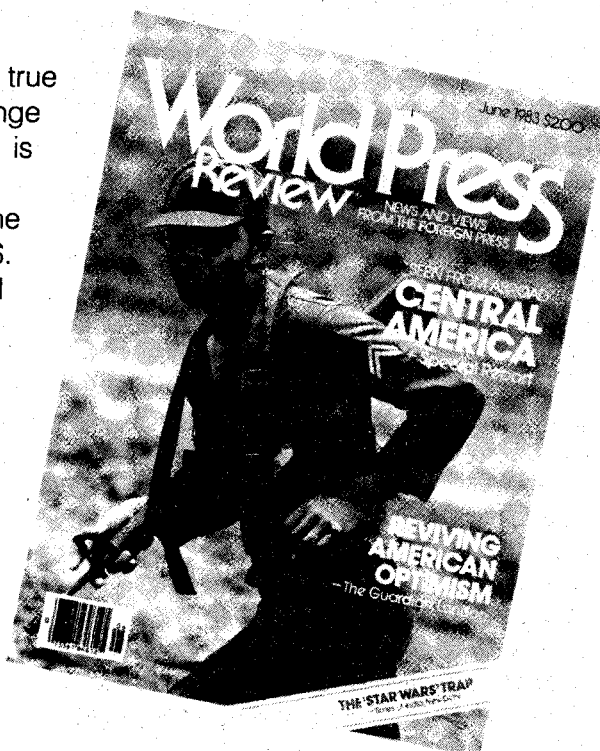
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through new frame-ups, I recalled the lesson of that day in June 1953, which taught us that we must not fall once more into the well-laid trap but, with courage and foresight, we must stand firm and, whatever the obstacles, find ways to launch a popular counteroffensive. For that offers the only real guarantee of victory. □

■ LETTER TO ELIE WIESEL

On Wishing Israel A Happy Birthday

MATTI MEGGED

Dear Elie Wiesel:

You will forgive me, I trust, for answering a letter that is not addressed to me. I mean the one you recently sent to a number of American writers and intellectuals asking them to contribute to a thirty-six-page advertising supplement in honor of Israel's thirty-fifth birthday, which will appear in the June 12 issue of *The New York Times Magazine*. In your appeal, which was shown to me by a friend, you asked the distinguished recipients to write about "the continuity of America's friendship with Israel and their confidence in it," as well as "to help redress misconceptions aired in recent months and to reassert the strengths that link our two nations."

I hope you do not think it presumptuous for an Israeli writer to reply to your letter, since it was intended only for Americans, and I certainly would not want to intrude upon your Festschrift. I feel, however, that someone ought to present a more accurate view of my country than the one you are soliciting.

You invite your American colleagues to tell "the story and sweep . . . of Israel's remarkable energy and creativity: in such fields as arts and sciences, learning, high technology, social welfare, reclamation of the land . . . as well as the lively spectrum that ranges from spirit to fashion and entertainment." You also ask them to express the "affection and confidence from a cross section of the American intellectual community in Israel, that gives voice to its faith in the basic soundness—yes, integrity—and direction of Israel and its people . . . and to stress 'the pursuit of excellence' by Israel's people. Yesterday, today and tomorrow."

The most striking thing about your appeal is its total ignorance of all that has happened in Israel in the last few years. It is as if you and the sponsors of the ad, the Israel-American Friendship Committee, are saying: Let's forget all the unpleasant, controversial aspects of Israel's policies. Let's talk only about the pleasant things, such as the "lively spectrum that ranges from spirit [whatever that means] to fashion and entertainment." Or, to turn to more serious

matters, let's talk about the "remarkable . . . creativity: in such fields as arts and sciences, learning, high technology, social welfare, reclamation of the land . . ."

Many knowledgeable Israelis have doubts about the country's "remarkable creativity" in those fields. They worry about severe cutbacks in funding for education and social welfare, money for which is being diverted to the growing war machine and to the building of new settlements and towns in the occupied territories. They also point out that "reclamation of the land"—the highest achievement of the Zionist pioneers—now consists of the illegal expropriation of Arab land in the West Bank. (One field in which Israel has undeniably demonstrated its "creativity" is arms making, but I wonder if this can be a source of much pride even among friendly American intellectuals.)

Even if Israel can be credited with the "pursuit of excellence" in the aforementioned fields, can one honestly separate that from its devastating policies in the realm of politics—from the atrocities of war and the inhuman behavior of troops in the occupied territories? Can one separate politics from culture and ignore the areas in which Israel's "creativity" is mainly manifested? Can one ignore the terrifying impact of the Israeli government's policies on what might be termed genuine culture, namely, human relations, respect for human dignity, sensitivity to the suffering of all human beings—Jews and Arabs alike—respect for human life and equal rights?

The use of the word "integrity" in this context is ironic. Saul Friedlander, a professor of history at Tel Aviv University, recently went so far as to say that opponents of the Begin regime have reached the "red line," where all thoughtful and sensitive people must be prepared to use illegal means to reverse the nation's present course, which threatens not only its moral values and culture but its survival as well. He is not the only one who has arrived at that extreme position. The failure to capture the murderers (apparently Begin supporters) of Emil Grunzweig at a Peace Now demonstration is not an indication of the nation's "integrity."

But the hundreds of thousands of Israelis who have joined Peace Now prove that all is not lost, that there is hope for rebuilding Israeli culture on a solid foundation of moral values, dignity, democracy. These people are a minority, and many of them will eventually succumb to feelings of despair and powerlessness. They certainly wouldn't add their voices to a panegyric for Israel's "lively spectrum" and cultural achievements. They know that the words of Israeli ministers and generals have a deeper impact on Israeli culture than the most sophisticated invention of the Weitzmann Institute or the best performance of the Israeli Philharmonic.

For example, at the beginning of the war in Lebanon, Prime Minister Begin referred to the Palestinians as "animals on two legs." Later, in an appearance before the Foreign Affairs and Defense Committee of the Knesset, the outgoing Chief of Staff of the Israeli Army, Lieut. Gen. Rafael Eytan, called the Arabs in the West Bank "drugged roaches," and advised the Israelis to treat them accordingly.

These were not accidental utterances, nor were they meant to describe a specific policy against Palestinians in Lebanon

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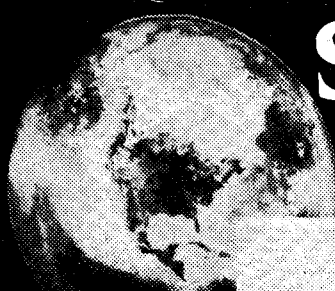
or in the West Bank. They have become part and parcel of a new terminology, which is used not only by politicians and generals but by many of the common people in Israel. For a series of articles in *Davar* about the "second Israel," Amos Oz interviewed hundreds of people, both in the "under-developed" suburbs and towns and in the new settlements in the West Bank, and they used the same language, if not worse. Many of those who belong to extremist religious groups, whose membership seems to grow daily, say the Arabs must either be driven out of the "Holy Land," which belongs to Jews under God's covenant with His people, or got rid of totally, as was done to Amalek in biblical times. Nor is that attitude expressed only in words: the behavior of the fanatic settlers, and of many (not all) Israeli soldiers, officers and functionaries in the occupied territories, proves that they will do what they say.

Moreover, such words have recently been applied not only to the Arabs but also to the government's critics. Intellectuals who dare to question or demonstrate against the war in Lebanon or the government's policy in the West Bank are called traitors or even "P.L.O.-niks." Time and again, former Minister of Defense Ariel Sharon and Eytan have accused the media of "stabbing Israel in the back"—and this is one of the mildest expressions used by Israeli officials against their critics. Then there are the thousands of people who have sent letters to Knesset members and journalists, threatening to kill and torture them if they don't stop attacking Begin and his policies.

This turbid moral atmosphere is spreading far beyond the political-ideological realm. Recently a group of religious fanatics—including several professors—appealed to the Minister of Education to prohibit the teaching of Darwin's theory of evolution, since it contradicts the Holy Scripture. (In this the Israelis were not so original; they were merely following the example of American fundamentalists.) The Israeli government has banned and censored books in the occupied territories for years; it is now resorting to those practices against plays and movies in Israel itself. And this is only the beginning. No one can predict where the process will end.

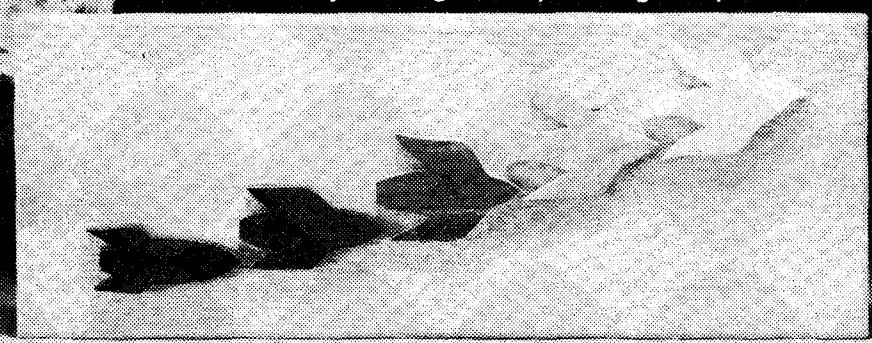
In your letter, you talk about the "expression of affection and confidence from . . . the American intellectual community in Israel, that gives voice to its faith in the basic soundness . . . and direction of Israel and its people."

Certainly, the Israeli intellectuals and the thousands of others who are pursuing excellence in accordance with the basic values of Zionism need the "affection and confidence" of the "American intellectual community." But that friendship and confidence cannot be based on lies, or on ignoring the tragic truth. Intellectuals, both in Israel and in America, who care about Israel and who are eager to see it emerge from the present dark epoch can best help it by facing the truth, by expressing their anxieties and by protesting against the sacrilege of culture in the Jewish homeland. □



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■ REAGAN AND THE TEAMSTERS

More Than Just Good Friends

DAN E. MOLDEA

On August 27, 1980, Presidential candidate Ronald Reagan met privately in Columbus, Ohio, with teamsters' union vice presidents Roy Williams and Jackie Presser. This forty-five-minute meeting preceded Reagan's address to the Presser-controlled Ohio Conference of Teamsters, kicking off his fall campaign. That same morning, the newspapers carried stories about Williams's testimony before a Senate subcommittee the previous day, reporting that he had taken the Fifth Amendment twenty-three times when asked about his personal and financial dealings with organized crime figures. Among the mobsters with whom Williams had allegedly associated was New Orleans underworld boss Carlos Marcello, who once boasted, "We own the teamsters," according to a tape recording made in the course of the F.B.I.'s BRILAB investigation. Just a few weeks before Williams's testimony, a former Mafia figure turned Federal witness stated before a Federal grand jury that Presser had told him he took his orders from James Licavoli, the boss of the Cleveland underworld.

After that August 1980 meeting, Reagan went on to win the election—with the support of the 1.8 million-member international union. And in 1981 Williams was elected president of the teamsters (he resigned recently after being convicted of conspiring to bribe Senator Howard Cannon of Nevada). On April 21, Presser succeeded him as the seventh president of the eighty-year-old union. Presser, who is currently being investigated by a Federal grand jury in Cleveland for placing "ghost" workers on cooperative employers' payrolls and pocketing their checks, might be indicted by the end of the summer, according to Federal prosecutors. His presidency—like those of Dave Beck, Jimmy Hoffa, Frank Fitzsimmons and Roy Williams before him—symbolizes the continuity of corruption in the teamsters' union.

Despite all the allegations against, and the indictments and convictions of, top teamster leaders, the love affair between the Reagan Administration and the union continues. Ten years ago, the teamsters were shackled up with the Nixon White House, which had accepted covert campaign funds from the union and protected many of its leaders from prosecution. There is no evidence that the Reagan Administration is doing the same thing; however, every time Congress or a law enforcement agency seeks its cooperation in an in-

vestigation of the union, it balks, often refusing to provide official documents and then publicly supporting those who stand accused.

Even though they are trying to claim it, President Reagan, Attorney General William French Smith and Secretary of Labor Ray Donovan don't deserve any credit for the recent prosecutions of corrupt labor leaders and organized crime figures. In fact, it can legitimately be asked whether they have impeded such prosecutions. Certainly, they are on record as being more concerned with "street crime." The two people in the forefront of the real Federal war against organized crime are Carter appointees: F.B.I. Director William Webster and David Margolis, the chief of the Justice Department's Organized Crime Strike Forces. And most of their major investigations, such as BRILAB and the Williams bribery probe, began during the Carter Administration.

Indeed, Reagan has made substantial reductions in the budgets of agencies responsible for fighting organized crime. The supplemental cuts he made in his first budget in September 1981, for example, included a reduction in F.B.I. funding that necessitated a one-third cutback in the Bureau's investigations of gambling, prostitution, arson for profit, gangland murders and pornography. The Office of Management and Budget said at the time that "probably no new undercover operations will be authorized" in fiscal 1982 against organized crime or white-collar crime. In 1983, this situation remains essentially unchanged. The exception is that the Administration has begun its alleged war on drugs—which is nothing more than a cover for its inability, or unwillingness, to combat the Mafia. Also, the Reagan budget cuts have severely curtailed the investigative and enforcement abilities of several agencies that have been extremely effective in the fight against organized crime and labor racketeering, including the Securities and Exchange Commission, the Internal Revenue Service and the Strike Forces. In addition, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms is being phased out.

Jimmy Carter snubbed the teamsters for four years. When Reagan made his first trip to Washington as President-elect, one of his first stops was the union's marble headquarters. There he attended a closed meeting with the general executive board, among whose members were Presser, Williams and then general president Frank Fitzsimmons. According to reports of the meeting, Reagan invited the teamsters' high command to help him select his secretary of labor and other officials.

In mid-December 1980, Reagan and his aide Edwin Meese 3d appointed Presser a "senior economic adviser" to the transition team. An eighth-grade dropout who has never driven or loaded a truck for a living but now makes more than \$350,000 a year as a union leader, Presser boasted that he would screen potential appointees to "the Labor Department, Treasury and a few other independent agencies." Those departments would have jurisdiction in any future investigations of the teamsters.

At the time, Presser and other former trustees of the union's Central States, Southeast and Southwest Areas Pension Fund were the targets of several civil suits brought by

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the Labor Department, seeking reimbursement to the fund of \$120 million in illegal loans made to associates of organized crime figures. The trustees had been forced by the government to resign in 1976 because of those loans. (On May 5, the current trustees settled four of the cases, replacing \$6.5 million in illegal payments made by the pension fund to, among others, Allen Dorfman, who was convicted with Williams in the bribery-conspiracy case and was then murdered on January 20.)

Not long before Presser was appointed to the transition team, New Jersey State Police officers testified before the state's Commission of Investigations that Presser was a contact for underworld bosses seeking loans from union pension funds. However, despite this and dozens of other allegations against him over the years, he has never been indicted.

When asked at a press conference about accusations that Presser had ties to organized crime, President-elect Reagan replied that he had not been informed of any such charges. "If that's true," he said, "that will be investigated and brought out." Later, Meese contradicted his boss, saying that Presser *had* been investigated prior to his appointment but that the charges of mob connections had been found to be "mostly innuendo."

While the controversy over Presser was simmering, Reagan nominated Ray Donovan as Secretary of Labor. According to a report in *The New York Times*, Meese was told by Presser in December 1980 that the teamsters did not support Donovan and wanted Betty Murphy, a former chair of the National Labor Relations Board, instead. After Meese conveyed that news to his boss, *The Times* said, Reagan called teamsters' president Frank Fitzsimmons for verification. When the ailing leader said that Murphy was indeed the union's choice, Reagan decided to withdraw Donovan's nomination. No formal announcement was ever made, however, and Donovan's name went to the Senate for confirmation.

What happened? According to a teamster official, the union's support of Murphy was a charade, and the *Times* story the result of a deliberate leak. "After the Presser thing with the transition team," he explained to me, "there was a need to show that Reagan wasn't just rolling over for us. . . . Donovan was our man all the way. Betty Murphy was just the smokescreen."

Given Donovan's past dealings with the teamsters, their support of him was no surprise. During his confirmation hearings in January 1981, Donovan was accused of having made payoffs to a New York teamster official on behalf of his Schiavone Construction Company in Secaucus, New Jersey. Donovan denied this, of course. The union official was indicted in May 1981 for shaking down Schiavone, among other companies, but he is still awaiting trial.

In December 1981, a special prosecutor was appointed by the U.S. Court of Appeals for the District of Columbia to investigate the charges against Donovan. His report was inconclusive, though Donovan called it a "vindication." The Secretary survived a second investigation by the special prosecutor, a few months later, prompted by the gangland style slayings of two witnesses involved in the original probe.

Before Reagan took the oath of office, an F.B.I. memorandum detailing Donovan's alleged associations with organized crime figures and teamster toughs was hand-delivered to the Reagan transition team. It was addressed to Fred Fielding, Reagan's conflict-of-interest adviser, and dated January 11, 1981—the day before Donovan's confirmation hearings began. The memorandum said that all the information "was corroborated by independent interviews of confidential sources." Last June, F.B.I. Director Webster said at a press conference in Washington that he had asked Fielding, "'Do you want us to do any more?' and he [Fielding] didn't think it was necessary." Whatever the true extent of Donovan's past involvement with the teamsters, his treatment of them as Labor Secretary raises even more questions:

§ In April 1981, Donovan was subpoenaed by the Senate Labor Committee for documents on the teamsters' Central States Pension Fund, after he had refused to respond to the committee's initial request. At the time the subpoena was issued, committee chair Orrin Hatch announced that he had "evidence that there had been some people down there [at the Labor Department] who deliberately destroy documents."

§ Donovan failed to act to remove Roy Williams as general president of the teamsters after Williams refused to answer questions during a variety of official probes about his underworld ties. Donovan claimed he lacked the authority to take such action, even though in 1976, the Labor Department forced Jackie Presser's father, William, to resign as a trustee of the Central States Pension Fund. Like Williams, the elder Presser had taken the Fifth Amendment during a department inquiry. Senator Sam Nunn charged that the Secretary of Labor was trying "to protect the interests of the union hierarchy rather than the rank and file."

§ Since Donovan became Secretary of Labor, prosecu-



tions of union officials have dramatically declined to 30 percent of what they were during the Carter Administration in a comparable time period. Last May, Senator Hatch charged: "The Labor Department has . . . chosen to follow a policy of inaction and ineptitude that increases the vulnerability of the labor rank and file to abuses by unscrupulous officials. It is a travesty upon the protection and enforcement functions the Department has had delegated to it by the Congress." Ironically, Hatch is now being widely criticized for accepting campaign contributions from Presser's Ohio teamsters. Nevertheless, Hatch's Senate labor committee will soon hold a hearing on the conduct of the teamsters, concentrating on the activities of Jackie Presser.

Despite Congressional criticism of the kid-glove treatment of the teamsters, the President has persisted in backing the union's leaders publicly when they are in trouble. For instance, on May 21, 1981, the Senate Permanent Investigations Subcommittee released an interim report on the teamsters' pension funds. It described Roy Williams as "an organized crime mole operating at senior levels of the Teamsters Union . . . a serious question has arisen as to whether or not Roy Lee Williams has any place in any position of trust in the labor movement." The following day, Williams was indicted for attempted bribery. Ten days later, on June 1, President Reagan addressed the delegates of the teamsters' convention in Las Vegas via videotape. Generously praising the union and its leadership, Reagan said, "I hope to be in team with the teamsters." And then, on June 12, Reagan invited Williams along with other labor leaders to a top-level economic conference at the White House.

The love affair between the Administration and the teamsters' union continues, only now Reagan's one-time appointee, Jackie Presser, will be reciprocating the President's soft touch and gentle care. □

Cutting Back

(Continued From Front Cover)

criminatory private schools (until the Supreme Court overruled the President), and Secret Service intelligence records were fed into the F.B.I.'s computerized National Crime Information Center. Covert operations in Central America specifically forbidden by Congress have been secretly ordered and later publicly defended by the President.

But the most dangerous of all Reagan's executive orders are those that affect First Amendment rights. The most sweeping ukase is the March 11 Presidential Directive on Safeguarding National Security Information, which establishes the broadest secrecy system in U.S. history. The public release of this three-page document, however, made Reagan's action seem legitimate in contrast to Richard Nixon's clandestine and ill-fated leak-plugging operations. Under the Reagan order, all executive branch employees who have

access to certain categories of classified information must sign lifetime nondisclosure agreements as a condition of employment. This means that hundreds of thousands of government workers must submit all writings and speeches to official censors for prior review—even those who have returned to private life. Thanks to an earlier Reagan executive order relaxing restrictions on what documents may be classified, the amount of secret information generated by the Federal government will grow considerably, and few agencies will be exempt from the prior censorship requirement. The secrecy mania has gone so far that, according to a story in *The Washington Post* on April 23, civil rights specialists in the Department of Education now must have security clearances before they may process discrimination complaints.

In addition to its breathtaking sweep, the secrecy directive has two innovative features that set it apart from earlier Presidential efforts to restrict the flow of government information to the public. First, it injects an element of official bullying into the relationship between Federal workers and their politically appointed department heads by giving supervisors the authority to force subordinates to submit to lie detector tests when leaks are being investigated. These tests are so unreliable that their results are inadmissible in court. But as Richard Nixon pointed out, "They scare the hell out of people." They are a useful *in terrorem* device for buttoning the lips of the Federal work force.

Second, the secrecy order gives Presidents a powerful tool for quashing public criticism of their policies. Because of the requirement that former officials clear all writings and speeches with Federal censors, Walter Mondale, Henry Kissinger, Cyrus Vance and thousands of others less prominent will be threatened with prior restraint whenever they draw upon their government experience in criticizing the incumbent Administration. The result will be a tamer level of public debate on such vital issues as nuclear weapons, the Middle East and Central America.

Through executive actions, legal maneuvers and lobbying, the Reagan team has mounted a sophisticated campaign to restrict public debate in other ways.

§ The Administration has sought to persuade Congress to exempt most F.B.I. records from the Freedom of Information Act, and it has issued guidelines instructing agencies not to release information if there is any chance it may be covered by an existing F.O.I.A. exemption. With the Administration's approval, agencies frequently circumvent the F.O.I.A. by charging the public exorbitant fees for information it is legally entitled to. For example, the C.I.A. demanded a \$1,520 search fee, half of it payable in advance, from a Fordham University professor who was seeking a two-page memorandum about Allied counterespionage efforts in Ireland during World War II.

§ The flow of information and ideas into the United States has been restricted by the Administration's policies on granting visas. For the first time since the 1950s, the government has used a provision of the McCarran Act to deny foreign students, scholars and activists entry to the country because of alleged associations with "communist or

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totalitarian" organizations. Using a broad interpretation of that provision, the Reagan Administration barred several hundred Japanese, European and African delegates to last June's U.N. special session on disarmament, and refused to allow the widow of Chilean President Salvador Allende and the Colombian Nobel Prize-winning novelist Gabriel García Márquez to enter the country for lecture tours. In the same spirit, the Administration invoked an obscure section of the Foreign Agents Registration Act to require that an Academy Award-winning Canadian documentary about nuclear war be treated as foreign "political propaganda," meaning that the names of those who show it must be provided to the government.

§ The Export Control Act, which governs "technology transfers" from the United States, has been used by the Reagan Administration to forbid the publication of scientific research. The act defines "export" to include oral exchanges of information, and its restrictions on "technical data" have been broadly construed by the government to encompass unclassified information having no military application. In the most notorious censorship incident, about 100 of the 700 papers scheduled to be presented last August at the twenty-sixth annual symposium of the Society of Photo-Optical Instrumentation Engineers were withdrawn after the Defense Department warned conference organizers that their presentation would violate Federal regulations.

The Nixon Administration's secret operations were conducted on an ad hoc basis. They were aimed both at curbing public access to information and at investigating the Administration's political enemies. Under Ronald Reagan, however, secrecy and political surveillance are anything but ad hoc; they are matters of publicly articulated policy. But their target is often political dissent.

The Justice Department's revision last March of F.B.I. guidelines for domestic security investigations, for example, could have a serious impact on the exercise of First Amendment rights. The new guidelines, which took effect on March 21, appear to scrap some of the key limits on investigations of political groups that were established by Attorney General Edward Levi in the Ford Administration, following the disclosure of massive political spying by the Bureau under J. Edgar Hoover in the 1960s and early 1970s. Among the most significant changes, the F.B.I. is now authorized to investigate people and groups solely on the basis of "advocacy" of illegal conduct. And it may place informants and undercover agents in political organizations during "preliminary inquiries" without evidence establishing "reasonable suspicion" that a crime may be committed, which the Levi guidelines required.

Although F.B.I. Director William Webster has forsworn any interest in interfering with lawful political activity, a less sensitive director might twist the new guidelines into a license for the kind of spying that flourished during the Hoover era. For example, an F.B.I. field office could be ordered to initiate an inquiry about a member of a local group supporting a nuclear freeze who had publicly advocated blocking the entrance to the offices of a Defense

Department civil defense planning unit. The inquiry could include planting an F.B.I. informant in the group, and it could become the basis for surveillance of other local organizations of nuclear freeze activists.

Public criticism of the revised guidelines has had some impact. On May 10, the House Judiciary Committee ordered the F.B.I. not to implement the changes in the Levi guidelines until January 1, 1984, by which time it expects the F.B.I. to have redrafted and narrowed some of the new rules.

Institutionalized secrecy and surveillance are the centerpieces of Ronald Reagan's government by executive order. The President violates political rights and freedom of speech under the cloak of a decree and in the name of national security. Of course, Reagan's edicts can be fought in the courts and in Congress, but they are much harder to challenge than specific illegal acts, such as a burglary or a wiretap planned in the Oval Office. In 1974, the House Judiciary Committee unraveled the secret abuses of the Nixon Administration on national television. In 1983, the House Subcommittee on Civil and Constitutional Rights, chaired by Don Edwards, exposed the evils of the Reagan secrecy order and the new F.B.I. guidelines, but the issues were more complex, in part because the Reagan Administration has acted by public executive order.

This spreading pattern of Presidential lawmaking could eventually become a usurpation of power at least as great as that which occurred during the Imperial Presidency a decade ago. But on the eve of 1984, the Great Communicator, a master of Orwellian doublespeak, tells the country that his executive orders are law, and therefore government by executive order is not lawless. Big Brother could not have stated the case more concisely. □



EXCHANGE.

(Continued From Page 720)

was privileged to meet with leaders of American peace organizations in Washington and New York City. It was greatly encouraging to learn of the growing concern in the United States about the Euromissile crisis, and of the measures being taken to campaign alongside the European movement against the cruise and Pershing 2 missiles. (It is also encouraging to observe the way in which European organizations are taking the demands of the U.S. freeze movement on board.) But I made it clear in our discussions that the European peace movement is not pleading that its problems be given prior attention. We welcome the maximum exchange of experiences and common perspectives. But if there should be competition among groups within the U.S. movement for limited resources, we will perfectly understand if many American peace activists feel that their current priority must be to limit and revoke U.S. military intervention in Central America.

So we have no quarrel here, although I still think Solomon has one or two arguments askew. I think it mistaken to argue the case about Central America by trying to attach it to the general issue of nuclear war. It is farfetched to offer scary scenarios in which nuclear weapons will be used in El Salvador or missiles will be sited in Nicaragua.

A part of the British peace movement, in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament, got sidetracked into the same argument last summer during the Falklands war. For a short while, some peace activists took the position that the war did not concern them unless it could be shown to have some nuclear con-

nection. Others of us opposed the war on various grounds, in particular for reasons well expressed by Solomon: it inflamed the atmosphere of militarism and stoked roaring fires of nostalgic chauvinism. As Solomon says, it generated a "support-our-troops domestic climate" and "hot war psychosis." Margaret Thatcher is still hoping that the afterglow will win for her the cold war general election this month.

So there are certainly connections, but they are not one-to-one connections. The wars in Central America are odious not because they threaten us with "nuclear holocaust" (which it is fashionable to be against), but because they are foul, old-fashioned wars between the rich and powerful and the poor. And the United States has taken the wrong side.

The bipolar categories of the cold war are largely irrelevant to the needs of Central American societies, and U.S. leaders are eager to impose those categories in order to justify and legitimize their interventions. If the international peace movement could only get itself together and grow stronger, in alliance with certain nonaligned nations, then we could offer an alternative route for Central American democracy and development—a route which some in El Salvador and Nicaragua are searching for. We might even be able to help if we could win our current contest to create a neutral Europe, which would offer an alternative cultural and trading partner to the Third World.

The Middle East, which Solomon introduces into the discussion in his latest letter, is an altogether different matter. There, certainly, a nuclear war is very possible, with or without the complicity of one of the superpowers. But that opens up a new argument, and *The Nation's* patience is now exhausted.

Let me return to the place where Solomon seems to be intent on protracting our disagreement. I am quite unrepentant. The cold war consists of the adversary postures of the two superpowers and their attendant blocs, military establishments and ideologies. Every corner of the earth gets sucked up within these adversary rituals, but the central human fracture lies between the United States and the Soviet Union, between NATO and the Warsaw Pact.

I have argued that the rising peace consciousness in Europe and in the United States represents a "thaw" in that adversary posture among the multitudes, and that the chances of human survival would be greatly enhanced—and the cold and hot war rituals in every part of the globe would be diminished—if this were met by a responsive thaw in the Soviet Union and Eastern Europe. That thaw would be signaled by a lowering of ideological and security barriers to direct citizen exchanges, and especially to the Western peace movement.

But for a year or so all the signals from the East have been going the other way. I did not

say, as Solomon attributes to me, that the European peace movement must not "sell out the victims of repression in Eastern Europe." That sounds like rhetoric. As the history of Solidarity shows, this matter is not open to Western choice. Our influence in such matters is small.

What I argued—and what I now repeat—is that Western peace movements (American and European) must consciously use all their influence and persuasion to induce a thaw on the other side. And that without this, then—in every part of the globe—we shall fail. This entails showing solidarity with independent voices for peace on the other side. It also entails adopting a resolute internationalist (or nonaligned) stance and refusing to fall in with the old-fashioned pro-Soviet strategies of the World Peace Council (such as the Prague conference), which have been revived from the time of the first cold war. If we let ourselves be divided and driven into "pro-Soviet" or "anti-Soviet" sheep pens, then the opportunity of this historic moment may be lost. And it may never return.

This argument does not turn on two or three instances alone—what happens at Prague, what happens to the Moscow Group to Establish Trust. That small group of courageous Soviet citizens may be harassed into silence or may take refuge in emigration. New methods and new kinds of twinning must be tried to induce a thaw. This is in no way a "Eurocentric" problem. It is because the Soviet Union takes most notice of its superpower opposite, the United States, that the influence of the American peace movement will have the most effect. That is why I return to this, and why we in Europe hope you Americans will get it right.

I cannot see why Solomon still makes a difficulty of this, if he still does. The issues of "peace and freedom" and of the bloc division of Europe are "sensitively situated," and the politics of peace is complex, and no amount of rhetoric will blow this away. No one is asking the peace movement to engage in "anti-Soviet verbiage." If Solomon reads my article in that sense, then he should read it again.

What is being asked for is honesty and self-respect in our political relations. It is not honest to remain silent about Solidarity or about the Moscow Group to Establish Trust. People are not stupid all the time; they can see through silences. Nor will this help to heal the tissues of our broken world. People everywhere are coming to realize that things are crooked on both sides and that the twinned adversary militarisms are the cause. If Norman Solomon would take a deep breath and swallow his "umbrage," I think he would see that El Salvador and Afghanistan are swinging from the boughs of the same cold war. And that the trunk of the tree has grown so vast that it can only be cut down by lumberjacks from both sides.

E.P. Thompson

THE THOMPSON-SOLOMON LETTERS

Reprints of the exchange between E.P. Thompson and Norman Solomon, in its entirety, are available. The article by Thompson that started it all ("END and the Soviet 'Peace Offensive,'" *The Nation*, February 26) will be included. The debate ventilates important issues, tactical and philosophical, confronting the antiwar movements in this country and in Europe.

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BOOKS & THE ARTS.

Pianists in Private

LINDA SANDERS

HOROWITZ: A Biography of Vladimir Horowitz. By Glenn Plaskin. William Morrow. 607 pp. \$19.95.

CONVERSATIONS WITH ARRAU. By Joseph Horowitz. Alfred A. Knopf. 317 pp. \$16.95.

When Vladimir Horowitz stepped onto the stage of the Metropolitan Opera house on May 15, the audience cheered. Horowitz's infrequent piano recitals are always events. But at his first New York performance since the publication of Glenn Plaskin's unauthorized biography, *Horowitz*, extramusical interest ran even higher than usual. His playing on this occasion was a disappointment. But the audience wasn't, comprising as it did the distinctive Horowitz salad of music lovers (who looked grave), celebrities (who looked looked at) and yahoos ("That's 'Tonight We Love!' " cried the man behind me as Horowitz plunged into Chopin's Polonaise in A flat major.) The musician who can attract such a cultural cross-section is a musician whose story needs telling. Unfortunately, several months after the publication of Plaskin's biography, it still does.

In the preface, the author states that in gathering information for the book, he interviewed "650 friends and associates privileged to have known the private Horowitz." We have occasion to remember this 440 pages later, when Plaskin summarizes Horowitz's recent life: "Now, after years of canceling concerts, alienating concert managers, driving record companies to distraction, and treating friends and associates cavalierly, he experienced a backlash. Practically no one in the music world seemed to speak well of him as a person." Since Plaskin's notes indicate that he began to conduct his interviews after the onset of this "backlash," we must assume we are the unlucky recipients of a biography written with the help and guidance of 650 people who can't stand

Horowitz. It's not a pretty thought, but then it's not a pretty book.

The biography's "revelations" have been disseminated so thoroughly that a brief checklist will do here: (1) Horowitz's homosexuality; (2) his turbulent (and continuing) marriage to Wanda, Arturo Toscanini's daughter; (3) Wanda's appalling treatment of Horowitz and virtually everyone else; (4) Horowitz's appalling treatment of Wanda and virtually everyone else; (5) the truth behind his repeated mysterious withdrawals from the concert stage (nothing more shocking than shock treatments); (6) the psychological havoc he allegedly wreaked upon one or more of his few students; (7) his formidable record of eccentric, willful and generally impossible behavior, which runs the gamut from demanding gray sole for breakfast to standing up Arthur Rubinstein for lunch, which marked the end of their friendship until Horowitz apologized thirty years later.

To Plaskin's credit, none of this information is presented sensationally. He clearly deems it his duty to remain as neutral as possible and to allow his subject to emerge as the facts warrant. But this neutrality precludes the narrative insight that is badly needed to make sense of the riot of contradictory behavior the book reveals, to provide a context for it and to provide a foil for the more insidiously self-interested and biased accounts of some sources. Plaskin's approach is less objective than passive. Facts pour through his hands like so much sand.

Take the chapter entitled "Professor Horowitz," which details the ultimately disastrous relationship between Horowitz and his student of four years, the young Byron Janis. After describing some of the ways in which Horowitz was a valuable teacher, Plaskin ends with a devastating indictment of his culpability in Janis's crippling psychological problems. "The weight of his personality was too much for me," says Janis, "and I had a breakdown." "The emotional and professional dependency Horowitz had fostered in the boy made him overly vulnerable," Plaskin echoes, "and he struggled unsuccessfully against his teacher's dominating ego."

This picture of Horowitz as an ego-

maniac who is powerful enough to do serious harm comes out of left field. In the immediately preceding chapters (covering many pages and many years) Horowitz is sequentially depicted as a cipher among the domineering personalities of the Toscaninis; the victim of a nervous breakdown; the anxiety-ridden analyst, feeling obliged to "cure" his homosexuality; the "completely passive" (though also "hysterical") husband; the genial patriot playing for our boys during World War II; and, finally, the benevolent teacher, who gives back the money he is paid for lessons. Suddenly, we are asked to see him as a vicious tyrant who casually damages young Janis, as if there were nothing remarkable about it and nothing more to ask. The book is full of these hit-and-run vignettes. Taken individually they are usually plausible enough, but taken together they form a profile of Horowitz's character that is both incoherent and specious.

Of the many sparkling luminaries and knowledgeable insiders whose remarks might have been expected to spice up the narrative, only three stand out: the late Arthur Rubinstein, who probably couldn't have been dull if he'd tried; the violinist Nathan Milstein, whose dry wit is an oasis in the desert of Plaskin's humorless prose; and Horowitz's one-time valet Lowell Benedict, who seems less concerned than anyone with Horowitz's status as "the greatest pianist alive or dead," and whose observations are consequently relaxed, sincere and humane.

Horowitz is not sensationalistic, but in its lack of generosity and psychological acuteness it is malicious. This is a shame for several reasons, not the least of which is that it is a well-researched record of Horowitz's career. His evolution as a performer and his effect on the music world are presented with expertise and perspective, and the tracking of his activities over nearly eighty years is thorough to the point of exhaustiveness. But for all its detail, the book neither illuminates Horowitz's character nor explicates the connection between his character and his art. How could it? Without Horowitz's direct input or responsible authorial insight it can offer only a sterile behavioral report with a show-biz veneer, like an in-depth study of a spider in *People* magazine. Whatever Horowitz's failings may be, he deserves better.

Linda Sanders's articles and reviews appear in Saturday Review, The New York Times, Fanfare and other publications.

Fortunately, there is *Conversations With Arrau*, by Joseph Horowitz (no relation to Vladimir). Born in 1904, Claudio Arrau is almost exactly the same age as Vladimir Horowitz; he occupies the same milieu of the international concert stage and enjoys a following that is just as loyal, if not so large or vociferous, as Horowitz's. But to judge from these two books, the pianists inhabit different worlds: Horowitz's is the constricted and brittle world of the celebrity; Arrau's is the expansive and high-minded world of the artist.

Conversations With Arrau is quite simply the best book I've ever read about a performing musician. It brings to mind Nabokov's lines, "a sense of being somehow, somewhere, connected with other states of being where art (curiosity, tenderness, kindness, ecstasy) is the norm." Arrau's life demonstrates that state of being, and through the probity and affectionate tenacity of Joseph Horowitz, we are provided with a connection to it.

The core of the book is thirteen conversations in dialogue format, each of which is prefaced by a succinct background narrative. Subjects include Arrau's childhood as a prodigy in Chile and his studies in Berlin with Martin Krause, a pupil of Liszt; his subsequent personal and professional struggles and his current activities; his love of literature, art, the country, his dogs. Several chapters are devoted to piano technique and his interpretive approach to the music of Liszt, Brahms, Chopin, Beethoven and others. Another section comprises remarks of students and colleagues (Sir Colin Davis: "I'd do anything for that man"), a critical summary of Arrau's recorded catalogue and an article written by Arrau himself in 1967 outlining his experience of and belief in psychoanalysis as an artist's tool.

In the introduction, Horowitz sketches Arrau's character with the same deft bluntness that marks his questions: "He is as incapable of lapsing into mere amenity as into rudeness. . . . He remains the least cynical, least devious of men. He does not drink or smoke. He distrusts machines: he cannot drive a car, boil an egg, or even operate a phonograph. . . . In conversation, as at the piano, he discloses emotional strife with startling frankness. He plainly embodies the nineteenth-century model of the artist as solitary, suffering hero." "Notwithstanding his eminence, and

the ponderous undertow of his visceral energies, he is an endearingly gracious man."

In the conversations that follow, these observations are borne out. Horowitz's knowledgeable grasp of Arrau's playing and history allows him to bypass the more pedestrian forms of information-gathering and go directly to the heart of each subject. The tone of the conversations varies. Arrau's approach to music, remarkable for its application of both textual fidelity and extramusical emotional states, even stories, leads to exchanges in which the two nudge each other along the course of a single thought: "JH: What's the point of repeating the exposition at that moment?/CA: It's falling back into this beautifully sad feeling . . . /JH: A

seductive beckoning of death, as in 'Der Lindenbaum.'/CA: Calling, calling . . ." There are also delightfully droll exchanges in which the tenacious Horowitz worries a point like a dog with a bone until Arrau concedes it out of sheer exhaustion.

Their different formats notwithstanding, *Conversations With Arrau* and *Horowitz* are ostensibly about the same thing—the life and art of a great pianist. Yet Joseph Horowitz's book, filled with spirit, intellect and heart, is as life-affirming as Glenn Plaskin's is distasteful and depressing. Do these books simply reflect the characters of the pianists themselves, in the sense that each gets what he deserves? Or does a 78-year-old artist have to be a saint to merit a modicum of justice? □

First, the Bad News

BARBARA KOENIG QUART

AUTHOR FROM A SAVAGE PEOPLE. By Bette Pesetsky. Alfred A. Knopf. 198 pp. \$12.95.

DANCING IN THE DARK. By Janet Hobhouse. Random House. 229 pp. \$12.95.

IN CONSTANT FLIGHT. By Elizabeth Tallent. Alfred A. Knopf. 160 pp. \$11.95.

SEXTET IN A MINOR. By Norma Klein. St. Martin's/Marek. 214 pp. \$12.95.

To judge from this group of interesting and well-written books of fiction, relations between the sexes are in an even worse state than we thought. All four of these women writers are deeply concerned with men and marriage, but the news they bring back about both is almost all bad.

In Bette Pesetsky's awkwardly titled but inventive novel, *Author From a Savage People*, women are the "savage people" and the heroine, May Alto, is the "author," a much put-upon ghostwriter. May decides to blackmail one of her clients, the patrician-looking Quayle, who has garnered a Nobel Prize—not to mention a guest shot on

The Dick Cavett Show, a *New York Times* interview, the whole celebrity circuit—all for work she created for him. The novel is pervaded by a wise-guy, earthy survivor's wit reminiscent of Grace Paley, and is often very funny. But its central emotion is its heroine's intense ambition, her anger and the pleasure she takes in wreaking vengeance, in feeling powerful for a change. May is an uncredited "helper": to her many clients; to her two former husbands, who used her and deceived her, one shamelessly continuing to do so; to her three children.

Pesetsky conveys each failed marriage with barbed brevity. May frequently thinks back on the difficulties of growing up in a socialist household ("My mother wanted only noble things. I wanted patent leather shoes, I wanted blond curls"), and tries to share her thoughts with each husband:

I had put my head on Benjamin's shoulder. . . . "My childhood," I began, "was a troubled time. . . . All the mothers of my friends were politically active, but my mother was the worst. We had a press in the basement." . . . Benjamin always stopped me on the way. "Sure, baby," he interrupted and moved me backwards, skillfully aiming me at the bedroom. . . .

One June day I began to Harry, "My mother chained herself to a factory door. . . . A terrible strike, they threw bottles, rocks. . . . I was frightened, humiliated."

Barbara Koenig Quart writes for Social Policy, Cineaste, Film Quarterly and Massachusetts Review. She teaches at the College of Staten Island.

"Look at this," Harry said, "I think this will sell. Calculators that work with a stylus, no batteries. . . ."

Tough and aware survivor though she is, as the novel opens May is in a hospital emergency room, having just been stabbed in the arm by a mugger. While waiting to see the doctor, she has a funny talk with a much mugged old woman, who "looked like a rented relative" and who has no illusions. This lady's parting words (she speaks with a Yiddish inflection, like all the women elders in the book): "You think because a cop is here that nothing can happen? Something can happen." Not only does the old woman have strategies for dealing with every possible kind of assault (though she still gets stabbed, beaten, thrown down stairs), but by the end of the book she turns on her assailants, stabs them back, becomes an assailant herself. So too May refuses victimization by stalking Quayle (and the book comes to remind one structurally of Bellow's *The Victim*, with the ambiguity of victim-victimizer shifted from Jew to woman). It's a suggestive conceit, if not quite convincing in the execution.

May is guided throughout by advice (often banal) from her mother and aunt, both long dead—a nice fictional equivalent of the mother-mentor voice we carry in our heads. ("We always listened to the news. My mother's doing. 'The world,' she said, 'pay attention.'") May's glee mounts over her power to make the now famous Quayle quail; and her demands grow ever more outrageous, until she's telling him she wants everything that's his—not only his Nobel Prize and his money but his wife, his house. All the while Pesetsky makes us aware of the stab wound in May's arm that won't heal properly, an emblem of vulnerability and guilt to accompany her aggression.

For all that, the novel never feels polemical. It has its own vision, and its own large ambitions and skills. It keeps making surprising leaps and yet it has a strong narrative, at least until—fairly late in the book—it runs out of material. Central devices misfire, particularly May's repeated use in her ghost-writing inventions of an early family triumvirate—mother Sonya, aunt Giselle, uncle Trasker. (Actually, the novel is as much about literary invention as it is about anything else—along with a bitterness toward the hyper-rewarded celebrity writers who bask in applause while the less favored scratch

away in harassed obscurity.) May's use of those three family names in every kind of writing she does—even if it can be explained by saying that all fiction draws on one's early experiences—is irritating and pointless. Other devices also don't come off: an endlessly repeated motif of a man chasing a boy, for example. Pesetsky, perhaps influenced to go beyond psychological realism by such exciting recent attempts at narrative enlargement as E.L. Doctorow's *Ragtime* and D.M. Thomas's *The White Hotel*, seems not to have known quite what to do with those self-conscious techniques. Nonetheless, she is a serious and skillful writer, and the novel is well worth reading.

All the males in Pesetsky's book are frauds, not to be relied upon, not even for buying a son's birthday present—May always buys an extra, expecting her ex-husband not to come through. In Janet Hobhouse's *Dancing in the Dark*, the husband, and therefore the marriage, are hardly there at all, even though marriage is apparently what the novel is all about. Gabriella, the heroine, is immersed in a male gay world, to her husband's discomfort and resent-

ment. She is particularly taken with her waiter friend Claudio. He is the one clearly drawn, fully nuanced character in the novel: the straight men and the various women are entirely without individuation. But Hobhouse vividly catches Claudio's rituals, his distinctive ways of looking and moving, his cheerful banter with his friends.

Beyond that, *Dancing in the Dark* is an explicit inquiry into the viability of marriage, of heterosexual couple-ness. Gabriella backs away from her marriage continually, as something dreary and imprisoning. She appears to yearn for a presexual world, and the life she lives in Claudio's circle is portrayed as a child-like one in which sex and passion make no demands on her. But because Morgan, her husband, lacks substantiality as a character, the claims made by marital life are never genuinely conveyed to us. Late in the novel, when Gabriella returns emotionally to her husband, the only motivation we are given is her fear of loneliness and death.

No more positive attitude toward marriage emerges from the novel's other heterosexual couple, Liza and Richard (recently Kate and Richard, until Richard got together with Kate's best

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friend). Liza, though newly in love, experiences being part of a couple much as Gabriella does. The only full-fledged family in the book takes the grotesque Pop Art form (very briefly glimpsed) of a father in cowboy clothes cursing out his wife and kids, all of them drinking Cokes. Despite all this, Kate—the abandoned, solitary woman—is a warning, frequently repeated, of how devastating it is to be on one's own. (Especially since none of the women have believable work to do—nor do the men, for that matter.)

What's troubling about *Dancing in the Dark* is just this sense of sorting out values, as though directly under the surface of the novel Hobhouse were asking herself: How shall I live? Which way is best? Though Gabriella finally comes down on the side of heterosexuality and marriage, the book strikes me as yearn-

ing in the other direction. The novel opens with a wonderful tableau of Claudio, Gabriella and Morgan lounging, party clothes in disarray, at the end of a long, festive evening, and it closes with Gabriella savagely turning on Claudio for his life style, his cruising, his obsession with how people look. Perhaps gay readers will find the book offensive, but for me, Gabriella's rage is in proportion to her attraction. Her fondness for Claudio's sensitivity, wit, sense of style and frivolity is the novel's strongest emotion, and is much of what gives it its considerable appeal.

A number of the stories in Elizabeth Tallent's *In Constant Flight* appeared first in *The New Yorker*—which is not surprising considering the high polish of their surfaces, their sureness of tone, their characters and imagery drawn heav-

ily from prosperous WASP life. Set in Colorado, but really set nowhere special, Tallent's stories are full of exotic and precious characters: a mother obsessed with her rose-eating Abyssinian cat which keeps having spontaneous abortions; an astrophysicist, who discovers a new moon of Saturn, and his oboe-player ex-wife; an old ornithologist whose many years in the New Guinea rain forests have made him expert in the ways—especially the courting and mating ways—of birds of paradise. No paradise in sight for the humans, however, all their matings having gone awry—the old man's, his son's, just about everyone else's. In a striking moment in the strong first story, "Ice," a professional ice skater, who has recently broken up with her lover, starts behaving strangely during performances, trying to elude her skating partner, a gay

The second half of Mary Jo Salter's "At the Public Baths" was inadvertently dropped from "Prize-Winning Poets—1983," in the April 30 issue. We are therefore reprinting the complete poem, with apologies.

AT THE PUBLIC BATHS

(Kyoto, 1982)

Not many of her kind left,
she has to know, unwrapping the *obi*
sash from about her gray kimono,
a daily, unthinking ritual.
Another decade, two, they will be gone
who find this costume natural,
and in only months the newborn baby
fussing in a basket (lacquered
straw, and made for folding clothes in)
will have grown out of his tiny playpen.

Yet tonight it's coming down to this
shared moment for the two of them—
Grandmother cooing *hai, hai, hai*,
yes yes, she's heard it all before,
as she lifts, then plunges him with rough
certitude he'll survive into water
heart-stopping hot;
the infant shrunk to one blood-red cry
who learn, or will learn soon enough,
this is the way things are.

Under the ticking reel of ceiling
fans that slice fluorescent light
into sputtering frames, we lunge and jerk
like characters in a vintage movie,
while a Casablancon, ever-rising mist
calls up the queerest feeling
of having slipped into the past.
Although a sweating wallclock tells
real time, the homely black-and-white
of its method looks antique

as last year's fifteen-year-old starlet
who waves from an unturned calendar.
Even the ads beneath each mirror
for bedding shops or octopus
(a fishmonger's sketch) and a 'Western'-style
mural in alpine blue on tile
you might call "Heidi Comes to Mt. Fuji"
seem there to illustrate
the past's entirely arbitrary
yet settled claims on us who live it.

Slid fast to shut the foggy bath
from the dressing-room, a cut-glass door
of Fuji again (this time ascended
by a ladder of philosophic clouds)
from patches of clarity affords
the unrestricted view—
if not divine, at least aerial
and impossibly particular—
we're sometimes given of the earth
as a place where nothing's wholly ended,

but disappears in stages. Staggered
across another day with him,
a steaming bundle that she tucks
beneath one arm, the old woman locks
their baskets into cupboards with a key
carved with not-strictly-necessary
grapevines. *Say goodbye to the baby?*
another mother calls to her laggard
daughter who, though no more than two,
knows enough to bow.

Mary Jo Salter

man dressed as a dancing bear. What's supposed to happen is: "The bear will court me, with wit and elegance, while I skate in carefully circumscribed arcs, the light shining on my blond hair. The meaning of this is not lost on the small girls who watch so intently from the bleachers." Instead, "Ice" ends with her "weeping in the circle of his shaggy arms as they dance under the lights." Though the stories are almost all written from a young woman's viewpoint, the male characters—mostly ex-husbands and lovers—are endearingly tender and vulnerable.

With their artfully wrought, often beautiful surfaces, Tallent's stories are pleasurable to read, and they can be moving too. But they're somewhat thin, airy, not quite embodied. Their moments of poignance—when achieved—are conveyed indirectly, through displaced images often drawn from the esoterica of natural history. Sometimes the stories strain for virtuosity at the expense of substance. But this is a fine

young writer who one hopes time will deepen.

Norma Klein's collection of stories, *Sextet in A Minor*, opens with the title novella, set at a Swiss lake resort. The choreography among its six characters—an unhappy older married couple and their son, a newlywed pair, and a single male guest—sounds the note of marital discontent and sexual musical chairs that continues through almost all the stories that follow. Most of these have New York City settings and evoke a world as different as can be from Tallent's—vaguely Jewish, certainly wealthy and rather jaded and cynical. Written in prose that is lively, quick and sure, these tales of the mismarried, of stolen but unenthusiastic adulteries, of marriages that frame shock treatments and suicide confirm yet again that if marriage and men are still remarkably much on women writers' minds, it is mostly as disordered thoughts and bad dreams. □

Comic-Book Quarrel

MICHAEL GORRA

THE FEUD. By Thomas Berger. Delacorte. 265 pp. \$13.95.

Two thirds of the way through Thomas Berger's twelfth novel, Harvey Yelton, police chief of the hamlet of Hornbeck, confiscates an unloaded starter's pistol from Junior Bullard, a boy from the neighboring town of Millville, who's been brandishing the gun in a bar. Junior's crime is a serious one, Yelton says: "You can fill the barrel of a blank pistol with rusty nails or broken glass or any of a numbera other things, and you put a blank cartridge inna chamber and you got a weapon that at close range will do as much damage as you want. Take a man's eye right out of his head."

It makes no difference that the pistol isn't loaded with the blanks it normally fires, let alone rusty nails or broken glass, and Yelton's speech is a model for the book as a whole. *The Feud* is a darkly comic novel about people who invent plots to describe their lives, plots

that bear no relation to the facts of those lives.

The Feud returns to the world of Berger's *Sneaky People* (1975)—the late Depression in Midwestern towns so small that Harvey Yelton has no policemen to boss around and is jealous of his Millville opposite number, Clive Shell, who has a part-time patrolman. "One Saturday morning in the middle of October," Berger begins,

Dolf Beeler, a burly, beer-bellied foreman at the plant in Millville, but who lived in the neighboring town of Hornbeck, came over to Bud's Hardware in Millville to buy paint remover and steel wool for the purpose of stripping a supposedly solid-walnut dresser to the wood that underlay the many coats of varnish.

Then again, the dresser might not be walnut; one never learns. At Bud Bullard's hardware store, Dolf gets into an argument with Bud's son, Junior, over whether or not he has to get rid of his unlit cigar before going into a room filled with flammable material. Bud intervenes, slaps his son's face—and suddenly Dolf is held at gunpoint by Bud's crazed cousin, Reverton Kirby, a paranoid posing as a railway detective. It's the same unloaded blank pistol that

Michael Gorra lives in Palo Alto, California. His work has appeared in *The American Scholar*, *The New York Times Book Review* and *Hudson Review*.

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Yelton later confiscates, but Dolf and the Bullards all believe it's a loaded gun. When Reverton finally lets him go, Dolf swears revenge.

That night Bud's Hardware burns down. The next day Reverton patrols the streets of Millville on the assumption that a state of feud exists between the two families; a bomb blows open the hood of Dolf's car; and Bud tries to commit suicide. On Monday, Bud has a nervous breakdown and Dolf gets into a fight at work with yet another of Bud's cousins. He lands a solid blow to his opponent's nose and has a "sledgehammer of a heart attack" immediately afterward, a third of the way through the novel. Neither Bud nor Dolf plays a significant role in the remainder of the novel, but the feud, its original cause largely forgotten, seeps through the lives of the two families, fed by the jealousy between the two police chiefs.

Or does it? Is there a feud or do the characters just assume there is one?

Suppose Dolf's threat of revenge was only a threat. Junior Bullard was at the store on the night of the fire, "drinking stolen homemade grape wine and masturbating while studying the picture of a woman wearing something called a teddy," and may have left a candle burning. The bomb in Dolf's car was actually a string of firecrackers left by a neighborhood kid, who confesses at the end of the novel. Junior never does. Events that seem directly related to the feud, like Dolf's heart attack and Junior's antics with Reverton's blank pistol, might have happened anyway. That starter's pistol is at the heart of the novel. It is a non-event, or rather its power is that of suggestion, of words rather than bullets. But in a world whose characters are open to that power, the supposition that Dolf burned down a store is a reasonable one—and Berger fools the reader into believing it as well.

The feud is a construct in words, not a series of actions, and in Berger's world the two have no set relation to

each other. The novel's most memorable passages are rhetorical ones, descriptions of what might happen rather than of what has happened. In consequence, *The Feud* has an emptiness at the place where its central action should be. It has instead a series of subplots and minor motives, which the characters imagine are related to and controlled by the feud, so that the ordinary accidents of their lives seem part of a huge and rapidly spreading chaos. In *Sneaky People*, Berger examined the turmoil that lay beneath the surface of life. *The Feud's* concern is with the need to invent that turmoil, which can alone provide an explanation for lives that may not otherwise have one. At the end of the novel, Dolf is dead, his son Tony has become a cop and Junior Bullard has run off. But it is impossible to tot up a balance sheet of cause and effect, to say precisely why these things have happened at this particular moment. By the end of *The Feud*, causality is an exploded balloon. Little wonder, then, that its characters seize the chance to make their lives intelligible, however farfetched the explanation.

Berger's target isn't small-town life but realism's assumption that life makes sense. His characters believe it does because they see their world as an embodiment of the clichés of popular fiction—what else is a feud?—which Berger's deliberately clumsy language mimics. Dolf hears Reverton thumb back "the hammer of his pistol with a sickening sound," his sluttish daughter Bernice believes that "you did have to keep kids in line or they'd grow up to be bums," and Bud remembers Reverton as a "dark, wiry kid with skinny legs below his knickers." Berger's prose is an imitation realism, a comic-book realism, whose conventions he attacks in the same way he has, in his other books, taken on those of westerns, science fiction and heroic romance. Like all parodists, he loves the predictable; his art depends on his ability to capture the essence of highly stylized forms, whose inadequacies he both exposes and regrets. The bitter twist of Berger's comedy is its suggestion that truth and intelligence have their costs, that life in a comic book is more attractive than life in the world.

The Feud, like other works that are comic on a grand scale, isn't particularly funny on the page-by-page level—and I think deliberately so. Laughter relies on a sense of causality,

EACH SEASON CONTAINS THE LAST

Remembering again how my late son
brought leaves in ragged bouquets
to this bleached light, these wavering rays
now slanted with sorrow, for what reason

do I lunge into this fall head on,
travelling to a lake mysterious as oil
with its coat of leaves, where hunters roil
the birch with bows in camouflage, drawn

to the stand behind the house? How could anyone
call this harvest, or that, the branding
of the trees with blue tape, designating
them to the smoking hearth? Dun-

hued, the leaves he brought were not
the prettiest, they were the fallen, the first
he could touch along the city's streets cursed
with high-branched trees. Then nature did not

seem necessary: the plants he started
in cups died for light; I threw them out
with the leaves. But now I notice, about
halfway down a slope freshly covered

with snow, that nothing is the same:
that even my steps are half-erased
behind me. Thus, like a deer startled
by the unfamiliar, I see the corn lame

and curling in the field not as victims
of a holocaust nor as a defeated army, devices
to recall myself, but as shocks,
feed for a years of cattle. Is this grim

comfort? Nature continues; it does not pass.

Terese Svoboda

which Berger wants to avoid. The novel is consequently slower and less uproarious than some of his other books—his best novel, *Neighbors*, in particular. Yet one is impressed by Berger's willingness to risk that slowness in pursuit of a world of non-sense, and impressed as well by the craftsmanship so evident on every page. This novel about the failure of causality has, paradoxically, no

loose ends. Everything its characters say and do is recalled in some fashion before the end, including Harvey Yelton's threat to ban Halloween in Hornbeck.

For twenty-five years Thomas Berger has used comedy as the basis for an assault on convention. *The Feud* isn't his strongest novel, but the value of his work is so unquestionable that any more pointed cavils seem irrelevant. □

Striking Out at Home

FELICIA E. HALPERT

HOME GAMES: Two Baseball Wives Speak Out. By *Bobbie Bouton and Nancy Marshall*. St. Martin's/Marek. 248 pp. \$12.95.

HIGH INSIDE: Memoirs of a Baseball Wife. By *Danielle Gagnon Torrez and Ken Lizotte*. G.P. Putnam's Sons. 238 pp. \$13.95.

In 1969 Jim Bouton and Mike Marshall, both flamboyant, controversial pitchers, roomed together briefly on the short-lived Seattle Pilots baseball team. One year later, Bouton dropped his big-league bombshell, *Ball Four*, an insider's view of the baseball world as it "really" is. Almost.

Now Bobbie Bouton and Nancy Marshall, the former wives of these former pitching stars, have set off a rocket of their own. In *Home Games: Two Baseball Wives Speak Out*, a partly real, partly invented exchange of letters covering nearly twenty years, they show us that baseball's glittering facade of multi-figure contracts and media celebritydom hides lost identities, crumbling marriages, divided families. Yet *Home Games* is about more than finding a husband's address book filled with women's names, phone numbers and sexual specialties. In the process of revealing the seamy side of the all-American game, Bouton and Marshall make us witnesses to their political and emotional development as women irrevocably affected by the feminist movement.

For the wives of players, baseball is omnipresent. Their lives revolve around road trips, trades and training schedules (the Marshalls moved twenty-five times in eighteen years). Even pregnancy

can't get in the way. "It's been hard to hit on my good days," Bouton wrote in 1965, while trying to conceive. "The road trips are spaced wrong for us." Marshall describes being alone in the delivery room at 2 A.M.; between labor pains, a nurse asked if Mike—away on a road trip—had pitched that night. "Even in labor," she notes ruefully, "it wasn't possible to escape being Mike Marshall's wife."

Change for these women comes slowly. The words of writers like Virginia Woolf and Marilyn French start filtering into their letters; they begin to see their situation as part of the larger problem of sexism. For Marshall, her husband's multitudinous affairs were not the reason for their divorce. "If that were the case," she insists, "I would have gotten divorced years ago." The real issue is identity: "Our society rears men to believe they are superior to women, and we women have bought into that in exchange for being taken care of by men," she wrote to Bouton in 1980. "They are used to being right, to being in control. I don't buy it anymore, and that's a problem."

Bouton and Marshall are not great writers, and their political consciousness, though raised, remains essentially middle of the road. Nevertheless, their book shows the painful, important, liberating effects of the movement's first decade, and reminds us that a ballplayer's "family" is not—as the sportscasters would have us believe—on the playing field. *Home Games* is a fascinating view through the kitchen door into a world where the cheering, ultimately, has a fraudulent ring.

In many ways, Danielle Gagnon Torrez, the ex-wife of another pitcher, Mike Torrez, had the same problems as Bouton and Marshall: a male-dominated relationship, a lonely, constantly uprooted life and her husband's infidel-

Felicia E. Halpert, assistant director of The Nation Institute, is the shortstop and coach of a women's softball team in Brooklyn.

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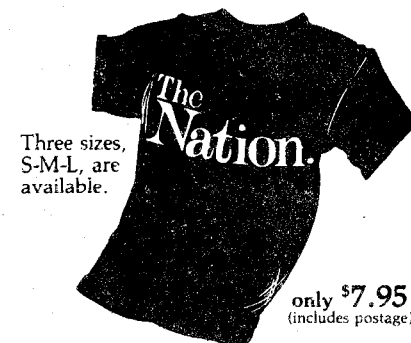
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ities. But in *High Inside: Memoirs of a Baseball Wife*, it's Mike's "love for the fast and flashy, mine for something more sedate and domestic," that she blames for the disintegration of their marriage. Though she concedes that "when you marry a baseball player, you marry baseball, you marry its rules," she never fully admits what effect those rules—written and unwritten—have on people's lives.

For Torrez, ballplayers are never ugly or fat; one is "a big bear of a man," another a "tall, muscular black," and they are usually described as handsome. Beehive hairdos, polyester and "cattiness," however, are the trademarks of their wives. She chastises these men for being "insecure little boys" with fragile egos. But you can sense the wink and the nudge, and hear her whispering: but boys will be boys.

High Inside accepts the power structure of baseball life, as well as of the larger world. Torrez leaves her husband for modeling and talk-show hosting, a far cry from the domesticity she claims to want. But deep down she still wishes for the days when Mike used to pat her on the head, call her his "wiff" and tuck her protectively under his arm. □

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CHARLES SUGNET

Dark Circle

The pigs are strapped onto metal stands about five feet off the ground. They wear what look like foil jackets with holes of varying sizes, so that each pig will be burned over a different percentage of its body. First comes the flash; the pigs squeal and writhe as smoke from their burning hair and flesh rises from the holes. Then comes the shock wave, and the ground disappears in a Heraclitean streaming. Rigidly fixed, the camera never quivers as the pigs suffer. This must be how the physicists and the generals imagine the next war, in their deepest and most self-deluded fantasies: they expect to remain fixed, "scientific" observers, untouched.

Filmmakers Judy Irving, Chris Beaver and Ruth Landy sifted through 100,000 titles to find the footage of the Atomic Energy Commission's experiments with pigs. *Dark Circle* contains other interesting and important archival discoveries, including shots of fire damage at the Rocky Flats plutonium plant and of assembly lines where H-bombs are made. But what distinguishes *Dark Circle* from other anti-nuclear documentaries—*Atomic Cafe*, *The Day After Trinity*—is both its warmth, the way it personalizes the stories it tells, and its activist message. For the movie's purpose is to show that nuclear weapons are manufactured products that come into being through the deliberate decisions and daily work of many companies and individuals.

Irving, who narrates *Dark Circle*, says that the idea for the film came to her when she was staying with friends in Denver and discovered that the water she'd been drinking was polluted with plutonium from Rocky Flats. As she wondered about her unborn children and the cancer she might get in twenty years, she realized that everyone has an "atomic biography." By putting together a number of such biographies, she could show that the bomb is killing and spiritually maiming thousands of us without ever being used.

The overall structure of the film is Irving's own atomic biography. Within

that frame are other stories: about Don Gabel, a plutonium worker from Rocky Flats who's dying of a brain tumor; about Rex Haag, a housing developer whose daughter died of cancer three miles from Rocky Flats, in a suburb Rex built himself; about Sumiteru Taniguchi, who was burned at Nagasaki. As the film proceeds, more and more footage of people acting to save themselves is introduced: people occupy the Diablo Canyon reactor site, block train tracks at Rocky Flats and quit jobs in the weapons business. Where *Atomic Cafe* gave you an ironic, defensive laugh and *The Day After Trinity* left you with rage against experts, *Dark Circle* leaves you with a desire to act. The subtitle on the posters and press kit says "It may not be too late," and the film earns that limited optimism by getting close enough to individuals to see both their suffering and their strength.

There's nothing dogmatic or self-righteous about the biographies, either. The filmmakers were loose enough to follow where the material led them. When the film shows Colorado resident Marlene Batley discovering plutonium in the soil around her house and trying to organize her neighbors to do something about it, we are inclined to think her heroic. But when she and her husband decide to move away from the danger, the film gently shows them confronting the dilemma of whether to sell their house to another family with small children.

Dark Circle uses no feminist rhetoric, but it embodies feminist principles. Instead of the authoritative voice of a professional male narrator, it has Irving's conversational voice. The movie presents thoughtful men, but it highlights strong, intelligent women like Pam Solo, who organized the opposition at Rocky Flats, and Raye Fleming, a mother of two who worked for ten years with the Abalone Alliance to keep Diablo Canyon from opening. As Irving says, much of the trouble seems to come from "older men in suits," and the filmmakers didn't want to give them undue attention. *Dark Circle* wastes little time on hating the authorities—it's too busy trying to inform and encourage change. (One exception is an interview with physicist Stirling Colgate. As easy to hate as Edward Teller himself, Colgate obliges by wearing a coat and tie while he tells us of the orgasmic pleasure he felt in helping to explode nuclear weapons.)

Dark Circle was cheered at last fall's New York Film Festival and has had

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Charles Sugnet teaches literature at the University of Minnesota.

limited engagements in Los Angeles, San Francisco, Denver and Minneapolis. It will have commercial runs in a number of cities this summer, and will open in New York this fall. I can't wait for the film to open in Paris, New Delhi, Moscow, Washington, Beijing and anyplace else where people are foolish enough to be making plutonium. □

THEATER.

RICHARD GILMAN

Mary Barnes

My One and Only

Show Boat

The Flying Karamazov Brothers

David Edgar is a 35-year-old British playwright best known in America for his adaptation of *Nicholas Nickleby*. Other plays of his have been done here, too, including *Mary Barnes*, which was produced at the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven a couple of years ago and later in Los Angeles and San Francisco. The New York Theatre Studio, an enterprising young company (it was founded in 1977) which specializes in contemporary British drama of a more or less unconventional kind, recently gave the play its New York premiere, an occasion that went almost unnoticed. That is regrettable, not because the play is a masterpiece or the production was especially skillful but simply for the reason that intelligence and humanistic concern are not so prevalent on our stages that we can afford to ignore them when they're there.

Mary Barnes is based on a book about a mentally ill woman who in the 1960s lived in a therapeutic community in London called Kingsley Hall, where she and others were treated by a group of English and American doctors and psychiatrists led by R.D. Laing. Laing's central belief, familiar to us from his books, is that schizophrenia and other mental disorders are the result of madness-inducing social and familial conditions and are best treated by the creation of an environment of love and understanding instead of by traditional "impersonal" psychiatric methods.

The historical Barnes seems to have moved from nearly total pathology to a condition of relative peace and "health." A talented if unschooled artist, she was encouraged to paint, her progress culminating in a successful one-woman

The Nation Book Mart

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show in London. But despite such apparent triumphs as her recovery and that of others, Kingsley Hall struggled for years against economic pressures and the antipathy of society, including the psychiatric establishment, until it was finally forced to close its doors.

Edgar has drawn directly from Barnes's story, making her the play's protagonist while inventing characters and incidents based on real persons and events. A good deal of the action resembles that of *The Miracle Worker*, in which a raging, solipsistic "patient" is brought around with firmness and love. A number of the scenes are shocking and violent, most notably one in which Barnes has painted herself with her own excrement.

The play is somewhat too long and ends on a sententious note (a doctor talks on about the victory of the spirit), but mostly it keeps you involved and offers some extremely affecting moments: Mary is described as having been "stigmatized by everyone" and so having "kept herself at bay"; a doctor gently chides her during a wild outburst by crooning "Mary, Mary, quite contrary." Gideon Schein's direction was slow and sometimes uncertain and Laura Esterman's performance as Mary suffered from monotony and some textbookish devices for conveying madness, but in a season whose plays slip in and out of the mind without leaving a trace, this one will stay with me.

I hadn't looked forward to *My One and Only*, principally because of its stars, Twiggy and Tommy Tune, who also helped stage and choreograph it. Tune (a birth certificate wouldn't convince me it's his real name) had always struck me as an imitative and merely chic maker of dances with a stage presence of unpleasant cuteness, while Twiggy existed in my memory as a silly object of hype from the 1960s—the world's skinniest model.

So I was surprised to find myself quite liking this musical, which is set in 1927 and recounts the vicissitudes of a love affair between a Lindbergh-like young aviator and a beautiful channel swimmer. Twiggy is a fairly accomplished singer and dancer and, having gained at least twenty pounds, is rather an eyeful, while Tune, who here resembles a young Jimmy Stewart, has reined in his feverish charm and invented some modest, witty dances. Best of all, there are some delicious songs by the Gershwins: "'S Wonderful," "Strike Up the

Band" and "Nice Work If You Can Get It," among others.

Speaking of the Gershwins, it should be mentioned that the producers have pulled a sleazy promotional trick. The program says *My One and Only* "includes music from *Funny Face*" and "Gershwin songs from several other . . . shows. It is, in all other respects, a wholly new invention" (the book is by Peter Stone and Timothy S. Mayer). Yet all the advertisements proclaim it "The New Gershwin Musical," as though it had been discovered in an old trunk. Deceptive advertising? I would say so.

Musical revivalism continues on Broadway and keeps reaching back farther in time. *Show Boat* appeared in 1927, leading the producers of the current version to call it "America's first great musical." That's debatable; what isn't is that this Oscar Hammerstein-Jerome Kern opus has one of the great scores in musical comedy history. Hammerstein's book derives from Edna Ferber's novel and has some decidedly sodden places; the current production, which, like the recent *Porgy and Bess*, originated with the Houston Grand Opera Company, is lavish but rather tacky. But the songs are so fine one's misgivings melt away.

I know I've said something similar quite often in recent months. Well, you can be sure that musicals aren't often revived for their brilliant books; it's the music and lyrics that draw us back. Ours is not a melodic age, so we nostalgically respond to eras that were. In any case, what a pleasure it is to hear "Make Believe," "Can't Help Lovin' Dat Man," "Why Do I Love You?" and, the centerpiece, glorious as ever, "Ol' Man River."

The Flying Karamazov Brothers are five young men from California who do acrobatics, exchange some mildly amusing banter among themselves and with their audiences and, mostly, juggle. Actually they're misnamed, since besides Ivan, Dimitri and Alyosha, they include Papa Fyodor and the villain Smerdyakov. Anyway, they juggle most deftly. Among other turns, each night they juggle three objects (limited by size and weight) presented to them by the audience. The night I saw them they tossed around a papier-mâché head, a banana peel and a Slinky. The Flying Ks are entertaining enough for a half-hour or so; the trouble is, their performance lasts about four times that long. □

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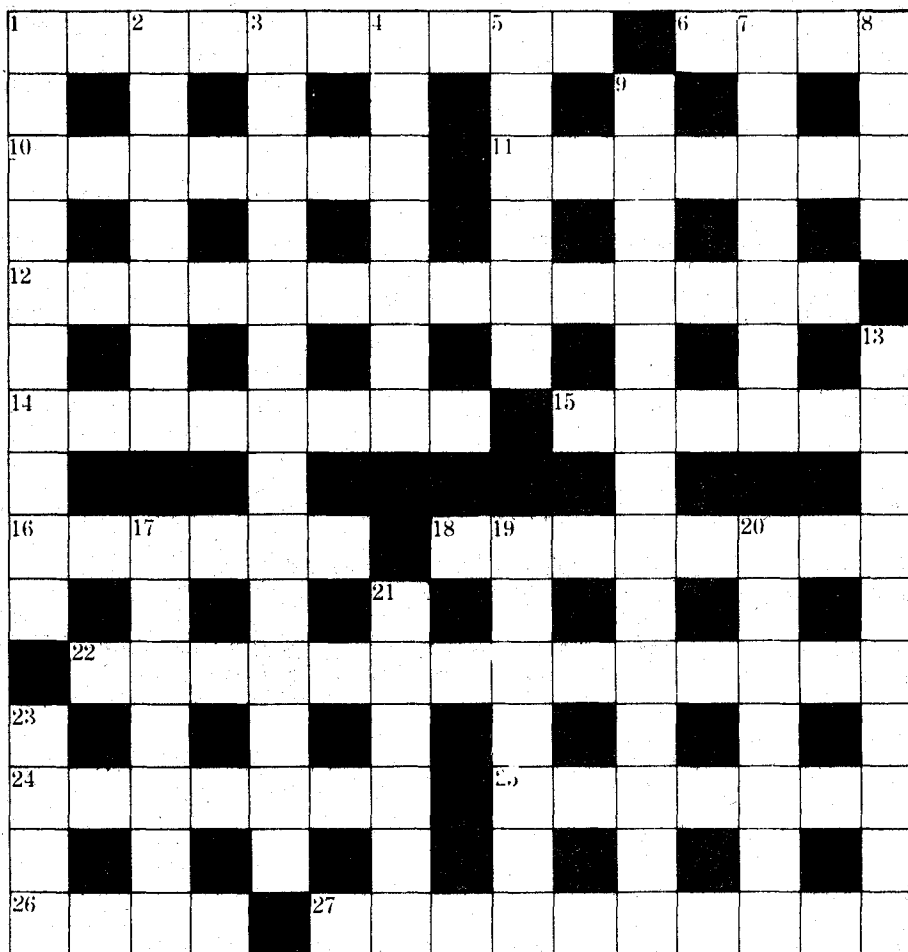
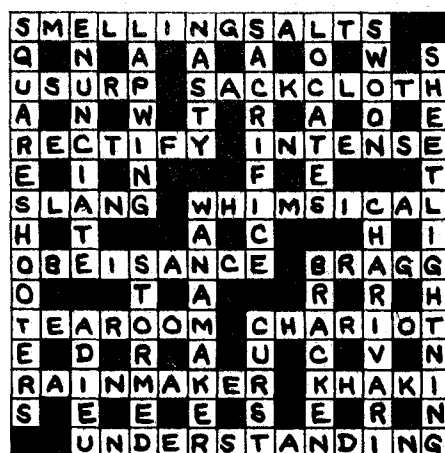
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SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 1965



ACROSS

- 1 When I incubate a sort of it, you might expect a little more than a set from one. (10)
- 6 Wild cats? They might or might not run at the sound of it! (4)
- 10 Even wishy-washy speakers might take such a stand. (7)
- 11 Strange stones, to be sure! (7)
- 12 Summer time, perhaps. (8-6)
- 14 This cross is in Cygnus. (8)
- 15 Not a perfect circle, but priestly. (6)
- 16 You might gain it at the door, but theoretically it's not a roast. (6)
- 18 Put a little money before shaking the dice—agree? (8)
- 22 Not a D.C. guidebook, but it might show your interest in something. (7,7)
- 24 Julia's had liquefaction, according to Herick. (7)
- 25 Such writing is not necessarily biased, but it's certainly slanted. (7)
- 26 Legislature, but some don't take in much with it. (4)
- 27 It makes the purser lend change to the pirates. (10)

- 3 Is the Ruski held tight by it, or does only his southern neighbor enjoy it? (7,7)
- 4 Attic amphorae held such pleasant-odored stuff. (7)
- 5 Solzhenitsyn had such a time, 1914. (6)
- 7 Less X-rated when coming out of the reel can. (7)
- 8 See 23
- 9 Migratory bird that might be on the beam if you're looking for a lift. (9,5)
- 13 Though bad, its scent is often found in laboratories. (10)
- 17 A stereo set this way might look pretty—for the cultivated type. (3,4)
- 19 The type of speech found in Ontario? (7)
- 20 Useless—that is, until broken inside. (7)
- 21 The dreamer of marble halls had more than one at her side. (6)
- 23 and 8 A Spanish leader goes on trial here, which should prove something. (4,4)

SEE LAST WEEK'S SOLUTION AT LEFT

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